LBJ in Bad Trouble *TRB*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 2, 1967, 35 cents

AUG 30

Pop Goes America

Peter Michelson

Interpreting Miss Sontag

Stanley Kauffmann

The Desert Within

Theodore Solotaroff

Ralph Nader, Joseph Featherstone, Hubert L. Will, James Ridgeway, Frederick Gutheim

NEWSPAPER
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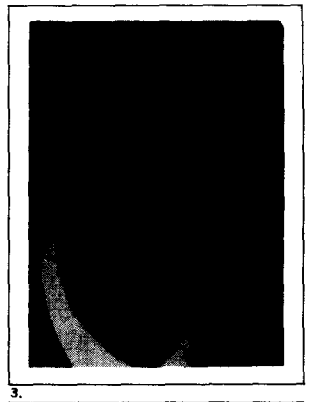
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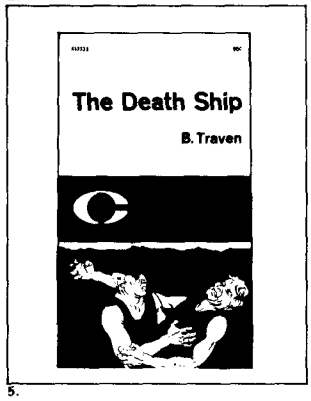

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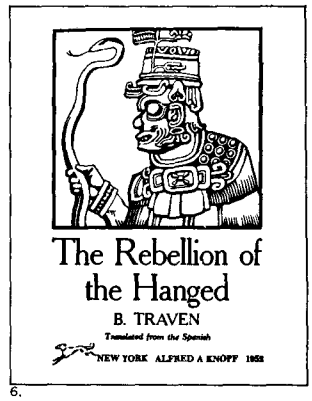

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to the mystery of B. Traven.

Ambrose Bierce disappeared in Mexico. He was probably shot by Pancho Villa.

Richard Halliburton's Chinese junk disappeared during a Pacific storm. He probably drowned.

Novelist B. Traven disappeared from pre-Nazi Germany in 1920. Him, we found.

Like most literary mysteries, the enigma of the identity of B. Traven, author of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (Clue 7), was considered unsolvable. Traven's obsession with privacy would make J. D. Salinger seem a publicity seeker.

Some people suggested he was really Jack London. Others were *sure* he had to be Vladimir Nabokov.

But, despite decades of scrounging for clues by amateur literary detectives, nobody really knew.

We know, now, and are telling all in the September Ramparts.

Reporter Judy Stone spent the last year solving the mystery. She found Traven in Mexico, stubbornly insisting that he was his agent, not himself. But intensive research proved otherwise—research which took her back to an obscure anti-war, anti-capitalist magazine published in Germany in the thick of World War I (Clue 4), explored Traven's blood relationship to (Clue 2) Kaiser Wilhelm [See also Clue 3, a portrait of the Kaiser's son, which should be compared for family resemblance to Clue 1, a portrait of Traven] and uncovered his role as a leader of the ill-fated Bavarian Revolution—a revolution history has forgotten.

Miss Stone's intriguing account of Traven's past appears in September. In October, we will publish lengthy, extraordinary interviews with the novelist who never talks to anyone. But who talks, this once, about the novels which have made him one of the world's best-selling authors (like *The Death Ship*, Clue 5, and *Rebellion of The Hanged*, Clue 6)—but who, curiously, remains virtually unpublished and unknown in the United States.

You can read this remarkable combination of literary detecting and historical writing by subscribing *now*, in time to get both the September and October issues in your mailbox.

Ramparts, if you recall, is the young magazine which broke the Big Story about the CIA. The Economist of London called Ramparts "the most talked-about publication in America."

That's because Ramparts continues to dig up stories, like the true story of B. Traven. And the rest of September Ramparts is no slouch: "The Diggers in 1984," by Paul Goodman; Andrew Kopkind on L.A. Cops; Jean Lacouture on the Mid East, and Ramparts Managing Editor Robert Scheer reporting exclusively from Cairo on Nasser's future; Noam Chomsky on why America should get out of Vietnam, now, pronto, this evening; a selection from the controversial revolutionary book of imprisoned philosopher Régis Debray, plus case studies of new guerrilla movements from La Paz to Detroit.

There's more in September Ramparts, of course, but we like to save something for a surprise.

RAMPARTS *Circulation Department* 5514
1255 Portland Place
Boulder, Colorado

GENTLEMEN: I should very much like to take advantage of your special introductory offer, in order to find out, among other things, just who B. Traven is anyway. I understand that if I send cash that I will receive the September issue free.

☐ *Six months for $2.67* ☐ *Twelve months for $5.00*

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☐ CHECK ENCLOSED ☐ BILL ME

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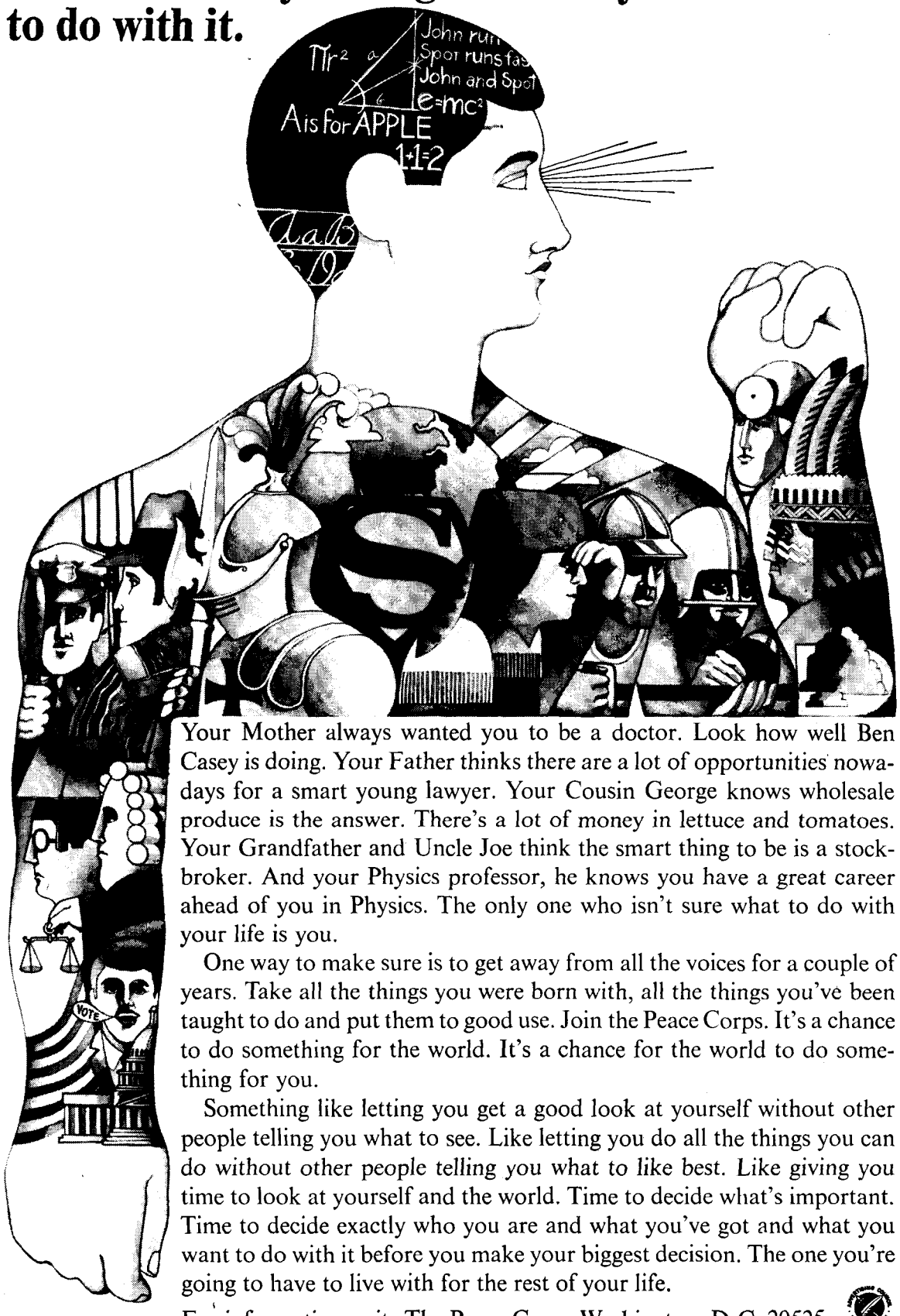
Find out what you've got before you decide what to do with it.



Your Mother always wanted you to be a doctor. Look how well Ben Casey is doing. Your Father thinks there are a lot of opportunities nowadays for a smart young lawyer. Your Cousin George knows wholesale produce is the answer. There's a lot of money in lettuce and tomatoes. Your Grandfather and Uncle Joe think the smart thing to be is a stockbroker. And your Physics professor, he knows you have a great career ahead of you in Physics. The only one who isn't sure what to do with your life is you.

One way to make sure is to get away from all the voices for a couple of years. Take all the things you were born with, all the things you've been taught to do and put them to good use. Join the Peace Corps. It's a chance to do something for the world. It's a chance for the world to do something for you.

Something like letting you get a good look at yourself without other people telling you what to see. Like letting you do all the things you can do without other people telling you what to like best. Like giving you time to look at yourself and the world. Time to decide what's important. Time to decide exactly who you are and what you've got and what you want to do with it before you make your biggest decision. The one you're going to have to live with for the rest of your life.

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K4—LINCOLN CAMPAIGN POSTER—in vivid color; pictures of Lincoln and Johnson, rarity; colorful .... 85¢

K5—CIVIL WAR RECRUITING POSTER—1st Regt. —bounties—illustrations 17 x 11 limited .... 50¢

K6—NEGRO SLAVE SALE NOTICE—description, each slave, New Orleans 1835 .... 50¢

K7—JESSE JAMES; full length poster; James, horse, reward notice; 19 x 14 .... 75¢

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K9—FASHION POSTER; 60 illustrations; 1896 fantastic styles; ladies clothes . . . 22 x 16 .... 75¢

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P1—REVOLUTIONARY WAR RECRUITING POSTER, Call to arms by Geo. Washington, illustrated .... 50¢

P2—OLD CALIFORNIA TRAVEL POSTER; stagecoach, illustrated, fares, destination, unique .... 50¢

P3—MURDERER OF LINCOLN—$100,000 REWARD 50¢

P4—CIVIL WAR RECRUITING; Calvary "not to be sent at once into field" .... 25¢

P5—TRAVEL POSTER; Steamboat to gold mines of WEST; illustration . . . 22½ x 10½ .... 50¢

P7—NECK-TIE PARTY. Lists bad men at Las Vegas, 1881 .... 50¢

P8—TEXAS POSTERS; one 1867 seeks horse thief; one 1853 for murderer; both .... 60¢

P9—U.S. REWARD POSTER; Sam and Belle Starr, dead or alive, unique. Federal Gov't. want .... 25¢

P10—DALTON GANG REWARD POSTER—Bob, Emmet, Grat Dalton .... 25¢

P11—JESSE JAMES REWARD POSTER—picture Jesse .... 25¢

P12—CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY, NAVY UNIFORMS, 12 prints, 37 different uniforms, the rare official 1861 set of 12 prints $1

P15—CALIF. BLACK BART POSTERS: Bart left poems at Stagecoach hold-ups. Poster with poems 17 x 11 . . . set of 3 posters .... 75¢

P33—PLAYBILL—SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS .... 35¢

P35—PLAYBILL—ROMEO and JULIET, 1767, N.Y. 35¢

P36—LINCOLN READING BIBLE TO HIS SON; 1865 25¢

P37—GUN PRINTS; Set of 5 prints .... 50¢

P38—JESUS, portrait formed out of Scripture writing; Unusual oddity .... 25¢

P39—BARNUM CIRCUS; illustrated program, 1876, scarce 25½ x 5 .... 50¢

P40—PLAYBILL, NIGHT LINCOLN SHOT, FORD THEATRE, Apr. 4, 1865, the show Lincoln was watching when he was shot, historical and scarce 50¢

P41—CIVIL WAR RECRUITING POSTER, appeal for Sharpshooters, 17 x 12, rare .... 60¢

P42—REGIMENTAL ORDERS—illustrated; old, Col. Sam Colt, 23 x 12 .... 25¢

D1—PHYSICIANS HANDBILL 1855; treats Cancer, many claims .... 25¢

D2—EMMENAGOUGE HANDBILL—Full of claims, quaint, illustrated .... 25¢

D3—PAPILLARY OIL. Cures sore nipples 5 days; testimonials, 1845 .... 25¢

D4—HOME DENTAL OUTFIT—"Fill teeth yourself" with kit—1890 ad .... 20¢

R1—BRITISH RECRUITING POSTER — American REVOLUTION—offers "50 acres where gallant hero may retire and enjoy his bottle and lass." Unusual, historical, Rare .... 65¢

R3—PENN. PROCLAMATION—1681 by King Charles —sets up colony "PENNSYLVANIA" orders obedience to Wm. Penn. Printed in England; 20 x 14, a state is born, rare $1

R4—AMERICAN REVOLUTION ALERT—1776, warns Gen. Howe approaches, etc. 20 x 12, rare .... 35¢

R5—AMERICAN REVOLUTION—1781—CORNWALLIS surrendered, orders orderly celebration—His Excellency Gen. Washington . . . 20 x 12 .... 40¢

R6—AMERICAN REV PLAYBILL—British Soldiers 50¢

R7—AMERICAN REVOLUTION PLAYBILL—"Woman Keeps Secret" .... 40¢

R8—AMERICAN REVOLUTION PLAYBILL—plus actual ticket very rare—soldier actors .... 75¢

R9—MEMBERSHIP signed by Washington and Knox—ornate illustrated certificate. Society of Cincinnati, officers only of AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Cincinnati Ohio named for this society—"military mobility" opposed by Tammy, rare 20 x 14 .... $1

R26—CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS PLAYING CARDS—primitive folk art illustrations of Conf. soldiers, used in Army, very rare, set of 35 for $1

R27—CIVIL WAR PATENT MEDICINE LABEL—diseases of camp life .... 10¢

R28—VICTORY NEWS BROADSIDE—REBELS FLEEING—Apr. 1865 .... 35¢

R29—SLAVE SALE POSTER — descriptions — 19 x 12½ .... 50¢

R30—SLAVE SALE POSTER—25 Negroes described 40¢

R32—LINCOLN ELECTION POSTER—19 x 11—believe it or not, speech by V. Pres. Stephens, Confederacy—boomerang—N.Y. printed—interesting, unknown .... 50¢

C1—PLAYBILL—1st Gilbert & Sullivan Amer. performance 1879, Pirates Penzance, rare .... 35¢

C2—HORSE MATING POSTER, picture, description, fees, unique .... 25¢

C3—LINCOLN LIQUOR LICENSE, 1833, Salem, Tavern, liquor food prices, Lincoln's handwriting illustrations, large size, rare .... 60¢

C4—N.Y. STAGECOACH POSTER, horses, coach illus. 40¢

C5—CIVIL WAR RECRUITING POSTER—Brooklyn .... 40¢

C6—AMER. REVOLUTION RECRUITING POSTER—1777—Phila.—English want sailors .... 35¢

C7—AMER. REVOLUTION PROCLAMATION—Phila. —Howe orders 8 P.M. curfew .... 25¢

C8—AMER. REVOLUTION RECRUITING POSTER—Phila.—English want "Rangers" 14 x 13 .... 40¢

C9—CIVIL WAR RECRUITING for home guard .... 25¢

C10—AMER. REVOLUTION POSTER—orders accept Continental money; help with fires; help build fortifications—1776—24x19—rare American orders $1

C11—AMER. REVOLUTION POSTER — Chimney sweeps .... 25¢

C12—AMER. REVOLUTION POSTER — Howe tells Americans cannot buy certain foods; need permit for medicine; 18 x 14—unusual, rare .... 50¢

C14—CIVIL WAR RECRUITING POSTER . . . 15 x 14 —Hempstead, N.Y.—unusual appeal .... 35¢

C16—JACKSON PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION HANDBILL, illustrated .... 40¢

C17—SLAVE AUCTION—1859 N. C. "owner to reside in NORTH" .... 35¢

C19—TAYLOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION HANDBILL, ballad .... 25¢

C20—RUNAWAY SLAVE POSTER—Reward, 1853 . 25¢

C23—THEATRICAL POSTER, Joe Jefferson .... 25¢

C25—CIVIL WAR RECRUITING POSTER — tells Washington attack anticipated, Eagle illus. .... 35¢

C27—1870—MENU with prices, steak 15¢ .... 10¢

C28—MEDICAL BROADSIDE — 1st medical announcement in America 1677—symptoms, remedies—quaint, rare . . . 17 x 11 .... $1

C29—PONY EXPRESS POSTER—illustrated, rates .. 35¢

C30—CIVIL WAR RECRUITING POSTER—TEXAS 1861—rare .... 40¢

C31—TEXAS PROCLAMATION — 1861 — "SHOULD TEXAS SECEDE?" .... 40¢

C32—WELLS-FARGO RECEIPT FOR GOLD—unusual . 15¢

C33—ELECTION POSTER—HARRISON presidential, 1840, cider, log cabin .... 35¢

C34—AMER. REVOLUTION NOTICE — "Cornwallis Retreating" .... 10¢

C35—REWARD POSTER Pinkerton for Perry "nervi-est train robber" .... 25¢

C36—VIGILANCE POSTER list of bad-men—1868 30¢

C37—ADAMS EXPRESS POSTER, "ship gold" 30¢

C38—BUFFALO BILL WILD WEST SHOW, illustrated 30¢

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C46—REWARD POSTER—Doolin, Dalton rob train 25¢

C47—REWARD POSTER—Robber killed engineer 25¢

C48—REWARD POSTER — Tom Nixon, notorious Union Pacific R.R. robber .... 25¢

C49—BUFFALO BILL POSTER—11 illustrations, Indians, Badmen, a la TV .... 35¢

C50—INDIAN SQUAW POSTER—in full regalia .... 20¢

C51—PONY EXPRESS POST MARKS, details enlarged, flying pony .... 20¢

C52—SHOWBOAT HANDBILL—4 illustrated pages of exciting entertainment that floated into riverbank towns, Important Americana .... 75¢

C73—CIVIL WAR NEWS POSTER—1861 — "Fort Sumter Surrenders"—full account .... 35¢

C74—REWARD POSTER by Governor of Mo. for Jesse or Frank James or any of their gang...train was robbed, conductor killed, 1881 . . . very scarce item .... 25¢

C75—APPEAL TO INDIANS—1681 by Wm. Penn 25¢

C76—PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN HANDBILL—1880 —Democrats—illustrated — imitates showboat poster and is humorous . . . rare .... 20¢

C77—CIVIL WAR CARTOON POSTER — Cavalry chases Jeff Davis, disguised as milkmaid. Laugh no matter what side you favor, 20 x 14 .... 35¢

360—MATRIMONIAL MOOD CHART GUIDE for servants; old, humorous .... 25¢

361—WELLS, FARGO CHECKS, Carson & Va. City.... 15¢

362—HANDBILL—Clark auto—1910—illustrated.. 25¢

363—HANDBILL—Parry auto—1910—illustrated . 25¢

364—HANDBILL—Cadillac auto—1910—illus. .... 25¢

365—HANDBILL—Jackson auto—1910—illustrated 25¢

366—HANDBILL—Circus, illustrated, bike on wire 25¢

367—CARTOON—1906—predicts Sunday everyone busy auto repairs, illustrated .... 25¢

368—HANDBILL—Flanders auto—1910—illus..... 25¢

369—HANDBILL—Ford—1905—illustrated .... 25¢

370—HANDBILL—Stevens—Duryea auto—illus..... 25¢

371—HANDBILL—White auto—1912—quaint illus. 25¢

372—HANDBILL—Chalmers auto—1911—illus..... 25¢

373—HANDBILL—Winton auto—1912—illustrated 25¢

374—HANDBILL—Pope auto—1905—illustrated ... 25¢

375—HANDBILL—Ford auto—5 models — from $260 .... 25¢

376—GEORGE WASHINGTON—1791 — silhouette from life, rare .... 25¢

377—MARTHA WASHINGTON — 1791 — silhouette from life, rare .... 25¢

T378—MATADOR, Bullfight, in full colors, 15¼ x 11½ .... 75¢

379—ENLISTMENT POSTER—1777—Amer. Rev. .... 30¢

380—ENLISTMENT POSTER—Revolution, British ask 'serve during rebellion' .... 30¢

381—GATLING GUN POSTER—illustration, comp.. 20¢

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383—TAVERN POSTER — 1760 — prices fixed by Court .... 30¢

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385—LINCOLN STATEMENT—1843—says Congress cannot interfere with slavery .... 30¢

386—HANDBILL—shows 4 negroes or 2 horses operate Cotton Press .... 30¢

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388—REWARD POSTER 1797 ½¢ Runaway Seaman .... 20¢

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391—CARTOON—1774—designed by B. Franklin, rare & interesting .... 30¢

392—HANDBILL—1870—horses used for machine power, illustrated .... 20¢

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394—AIRSHIP c 1850—illustration is fantastic prediction, crossing ocean .... 20¢

395—PRIZE FIGHT—1886—woodcut J. L. Sullivan revives opponent .... 25¢

396—PHONOGRAPH POSTER—1899—Edison, 1st phonograph, 13½ x 11, illustrated .... 40¢

397—FOOTBALL POSTER—1880—quaint uniforms, rare, illustrations, 17 x 11 .... 40¢

398—INDIAN illustrated ad of Sapolio, quickly civilizes Indians .... 20¢

399—RIFLE HANDBILL, shoots 26 shots in 60 seconds, illustrated .... 20¢

400—REWARD POSTER—person attempted assassinate W. Seward, Secty State .... 25¢

401—MAGNA CARTA & complete translation $1.50

402—POSTER—1924—Paul Whiteman & George Gershwin give Concert .... 30¢

403—EXHIBITION POSTER—1845—laughing gas demonstration .... 25¢

404—FENCE WIRE POSTER, rare, historical .... 30¢

405—LINCOLN & HAMLIN 1860 campaign ribbon, rare picture Lincoln .... 20¢

406—LINCOLN's Letter to Mrs. Bixby, 1864 .... 25¢

407—SHARPSHOOTERS — 1861 — scenes training Civil War, rifle used .... 25¢

408—MOVIE POSTER—'The Sheik' Rudolf Valentino, photos .... 85¢

409—HANDBILL 1843—shows costumes of seaman in play, unique .... 30¢

410—ORDER 1864—Confederate, send slaves to work .... 30¢

411—HANDBILL—c. 1900—2 pictures—boys on pot —'I drink union beer & I drink scab beer'—odd & humorous appeal by Union .... 40¢

412—RED AUTO HANDBILL—1907—illustrated .... 25¢

413—HANDBILL—Franklin-auto-air-cooled eng..... 25¢

414—HANDBILL—St. Louis auto—illustrated ..... 25¢

415—HANDBILL—Courier auto—illustrated ..... 25¢

416—HANDBILL—Rambler—1907—illustrated .... 25¢

417—HANDBILL—man proposes to woman because served Beef Extract—illustrated, c. 1880 ... 25¢

418—HANDBILL—Men's shirt collars—1851—illustrated, scarce .... 25¢

Minimum order $2. Add 15¢ for mailing tube. 10¢ for catalog listing over 500 posters.

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Bad Trouble

★ It's too early to predict that Mr. Johnson will be defeated next year. But after a reasonably conscientious six-week trip poking around the country by car, this reporter thinks the President is in bad trouble. Yes, and the nation is, too.

Of course the election is 14 months off and of course the GOP may pick another lemon, and Vietnam may suddenly end. But as it stands now I have rarely seen the public so peevish, perplexed and disturbed.

The thing hasn't become acute. The terrible, vengeful search for a scapegoat hasn't begun. But it very well could. Most people, of course, are prosperous. That makes it different from the time of poor old Hoover after the 1929 crash, when the nation turned on the President.

The present mood has some similarities with the disillusionment of 1947-48 under Truman. But that, come to think of it, was different, too. Opponents didn't so much dislike Truman as they disregarded him. Republicans made the mistake of patronizing and underestimating him. It seemed certain that he could be defeated. But when he came out of his corner slugging people said admiringly, "What a game little guy!" and voted for him. He just squeaked through.

Today, if I am a judge, the feeling of disillusionment is growing, but it hasn't jelled yet. It may never do so. On the other hand, the escapism of the man-in-the-street seems stronger than usual; was there ever a summer where he listened so resolutely to baseball play-by-play, or so avidly read about the latest murder? There's a feeling of helplessness; the citizen feels things have passed out of his control. The average man has lost communication with the Administration. He is losing or has lost faith in it, too.

When Vietnam started it wasn't a matter of ideology to the average man, I think. He went along with the war because Mr. Johnson said it would be short, and wouldn't cost much. Now a long time has elapsed and the war is still going on and it is costing plenty. How come? the public asks. Mr. Johnson implies that he is following a middle course but he is actually escalating all the time, toward China.

The race riots are humiliating, too, and terrifying, and incomprehensible. Mr. Johnson didn't cause them; but what is he doing about them, people ask? One finds on a trip a notable absence of that kind of deep personal loyalty that most Presidents seem to inspire. The White House seems to recognize that it has a problem of communication by the way it has cut back on formal press conferences. The one last week was the first in months.

Skulduggery

★ The people I met didn't love Congress, either. There was Adam Clayton Powell, and then Dodd, and now other names are mentioned. There is a feeling that skulduggery is being practiced. Just how the big oil companies escape taxes by the 27½ percent depletion allowance is too subtle for the man-in-the-street, but in a broader sense things like that are understood and they poison faith and confidence.

So the turbulent summer is coming to an end. Congress is still in session, considering higher taxes and a big deficit and, yes, even farm discontent. As though Mr. Johnson didn't have enough already. Newspapers in farm states along my route told of record crops and fine weather. But of course big crops force down prices. Sometimes it seems that the farmers only worry about two things: not getting bumper crops, or getting them.

In short, it's a sour mood. I have rarely felt it so sour save in those instances of 1931-32, and 1947-48. It cut Hoover off after one term, and it nearly finished Truman.

The President is spending so much money on Vietnam that he couldn't, if he wanted to, take the radical steps necessary to meet the racial crisis. By one account violence has touched 70 cities this year, and there is little evidence that it will abate next year, in the election.

The riots begin with hungry children peering out of broken panes in tar shanties in South Carolina and Mississippi. In a kind of Gulf Stream they and their parents come up to ghettos in New York and Chicago and Detroit. On the whole, things are a little better there, and revolutions start, not when things are at their worst but when they begin to improve.

The worst riot this summer was in Detroit. This reporter went there and even now it is shocking and incredible; burnt out buildings, appeals of "Soul brother" still scrawled on the walls, and a look on 12th Street of bombed-out Berlin. There was a nightmarish mood of laughter and looting in the riot, witnesses report; a new guerrilla-type technique of smash and grab and burn. When this new, violent, urban underclass begins sniping at firemen as well as police it can pretty well bring a city to a halt. It did in Detroit.

What to do? Sooner or later America must curb firearms; we are the only big nation that doesn't. Then again, family allowances; right across from Detroit, there are family allowances in Canada. Again, the US is the only big nation that doesn't have them.

And finally, jobs: the government must become the employer of last resort: if there are no private jobs the government must make them. It will be costly; riots cost more. This Congress shows no sign of having learned the lesson.

Rats

★ American cities may be at a loss to know what to do about rats that bite and sometimes kill children. But the Information Office of the First Logistical Command proudly reports from South Vietnam: "The rodent problem in Saigon is being drastically reduced, and the control of this problem here materially contributes to lessening potential spread of a disease carrier to other parts of the world."

How reassuring!

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After the Elections

President Johnson's Vietnam policy lost another friend last week. West German Chancellor Kiesinger was no sooner back in Bonn from the White House than he announced he couldn't give even moral support to the United States in Vietnam as his predecessor, Ludwig Erhard, did. Mr. Johnson may feel he can afford to dispense with foreign support. But how about the growing disillusionment of the American people, and Congress? TRB in his column describes the sour mood of the country that he encountered during a six-week, coast-to-coast tour. The Senate wishes to God it never passed the Tonkin Gulf resolution. That vote of August 1964 authorized the President to take all necessary steps to repel any armed attack against American forces and to "prevent further aggression." Undersecretary of State Katzenbach has explained to the senators that it constitutes full legal justification for the Administration having half a million American soldiers in South Vietnam, and risking war with China. Katzenbach, of course, knows his law. So do the senators, which doesn't prevent them thinking Mr. Johnson has lost his political senses to try to use the Tonkin resolution to excuse everything he's done in Vietnam since they voted it. The resolution's political worth was accurately and definitively assessed just a year ago, by Senator Stennis. No dove, he nevertheless rebuked Secretary of State Dean Rusk: "With all deference, Mr. Secretary, I really do not think we need a legal adviser to tell us what the Tonkin Gulf resolution means. . . . It seems to me that you stand on mighty thin ice if you rely on the Tonkin Gulf resolution as a constitutional basis for this war." Yet Mr. Johnson persists in rubbing his old senatorial cronies the wrong way. Four Augusts ago he yelled "Fire!" and they gave him a hose; now he claims that this entitles him to flood the country. But the nation's mood is changing, and he may be walking the crumbling wall of a bursting dam.

In South Vietnam, too, the public mood is for peace – at almost any price. Yet a continuation of the puppet military government after the September 3 elections seems virtually assured. That probably means further escalation of the war, maybe invasion of North Vietnam (accompanied, of course, by assurances to the Chinese and Russians not to worry, it really has no significance). U Thant, the Secretary General of the United Nations, believes there could be peace talks if North Vietnam wasn't being bombed. The Administration's position is that it's always ready and eager for talks, but

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that to end the bombing without Hanoi ending infiltration is madness, so we must go on bombing until Hanoi gets tired. But Hanoi will never surrender, for it has Russia's firm pledge of continuing military aid to match every American escalation. Kosygin probably would uphold a reasonable settlement of the Vietnam war, which blocks improved Russian-American relations. U Thant suspects that Kosygin would consider as reasonable a coalition government for South Vietnam that included the Viet Cong (who are and have been for years in control of most of the population living outside the cities and large towns).

Such an outcome would, in fact, achieve very well what seems to be the primary American objective – to ensure that existing states, even tentative and dubiously viable ones like South Vietnam, aren't overcome by "outside" force. Reunification of Vietnam might take a very long time thereafter and, when eventually it came, might be far from serving any Chinese ambition. Once in government, the Viet Cong may have little wish to come under Ho Chi Minh's long fingernail. And it is a fairly safe bet that Ho himself has no desire to be a puppet of Mao, or of Mao's successor.

There should be renewed and earnest efforts at negotiation after the South Vietnam elections.

"Hold still, now."

Bombenbrandschrumpfleichen

Occasionally some statesman (usually unemployed, like Barry Goldwater) upsets everyone by suggesting the use of low-yield atomic weapons in Vietnam. But already in use and just as effective is a wonderfully cheap weapon which also involves no unseemly man-to-man combat. It is so uncomplicated it can be manufactured in the field by simply siphoning gasoline from a handy jeep and folding in some aluminum soaps. Result: napalm.

The properties of napalm were discussed recently by two Harvard physicians, Peter Reich and Victor Sidel, in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. In medical terms they judged that "incendiary bombing is potentially as destructive as atomic warfare." Napalm is stable, easy to transport, and when detonated will stick to and burn anything. Napalm in bomb form is used increasingly. Current production of sophisticated Napalm-B is 50 million pounds a month – nearly as much as was used yearly in World War II, and more than was used in Korea where it was "the mainstay of the American forces."

For the edification of physicians who may be confronted by a napalm case (for instance, a prisoner, or a GI the air force forgot was in the target area), the two physicians described the symptoms. If someone happens to be within the 2,500 square yards that a 165-gallon can of napalm covers, he is quickly incinerated. If, however, he escapes the inferno proper but some of the burning jelly gets on his flesh, "the adhesiveness, prolonged burning time and high burning temperature of napalm favor third-degree burns in all affected areas, with coagulation of muscle, fat and other deep tissues. . . ." It is the white phosphorus used in napalm bombs that is responsible for the weapon's unique tissue-wasting qualities: "wounds contaminated with white phosphorus may continue smouldering long after the initial trauma."

A napalm victim may pass away from carbon monoxide poisoning, renal failure, shock or infection. Also, the panic experienced in trying to outrun the holocaust "may favor cardiovascular collapse in the presence of severe burns." It's pretty senseless trying to seek shelter from a napalm attack. Air-raid shelters become airless furnaces in which the occupants shrivel up. The Germans, who were treated to Allied napalm attacks, call this particular form of dehydration, *bombenbrandschrumpfleichen*, or "incendiary-bomb-shrunken-bodies."

So why bother dropping costly and embarrassing atomic bombs when napalm does the job cheaper and as effectively? Even if this war happens to end, we can use what napalm is left over for the next war. Doctors

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Reich and Sidel examined samples of napalm from the first batch whipped up in 1942 by its inventor, L. F. Feiser. "It was in perfect condition after 25 years of storage."

Wilson the Spoiler

In Britain the Walls Keep Closing In

London

Unemployment: highest for 20 years. Pound: under increased pressure. Production: back down to 1964. So cheered, Parliament packed up for its summer holidays. There is need of a rest. The government has banged its head against the wall, and the walls keep closing in.

The papers grumble. "Mr. Wilson touches nothing that he does not spoil," grouses *The Scotsman*. *The Daily Telegraph* deplores continued government restriction on the amount of money British holiday-makers take to non-sterling areas, thinks the 50-pound ($140) allowance could have the opposite effect to what was intended. "No country gets much prestige abroad if its leading citizens are to be seen searching for back rooms in cheap hotels."

With the economy constipated, plans predicated on growth have to be amended. One-and-a-half-billion dollars must be lopped off spending over the next three years. Debate about what should be cut did not turn on what Labour is in power for. Questions of principle have not recently underpinned Labour's language of priorities. Keeping the electorate cheerful has been the central aim of the Wilson government. The assumption was that government spending had to be cut so that voters might enjoy the jingle of money in their pockets. The Education Minister, Anthony Crosland, jibbed, saying, "It still remains the case that socialism demands a higher level of essential social spending than conservatism." That higher level, in Crosland's view, will have to be financed out of increased taxes. In the late fifties and early sixties Crosland seemed to belong on the right wing. The government has moved so far right that Crosland now appears to be a left-winger.

Crosland seems to have won his case. Education has another $50 million to spend on tumble-down primary schools, which certainly need it. The great unknown still is where the axe has fallen – roads, housing, welfare, health? No one is saying. It is suspected that the Exchequer will find itself having to raise more tax money.

The trouble with much of Britain's welfare system is that aid goes to those who do not need it as well as to those who do. To give mainly to those in need, selectively, involves a means test of some sort. "Means test" conjures up the thirties, when the poor had to jump through complicated hoops to qualify for a pittance. That this would not be so now escapes the dinosaurs of Labour's solid center and left. Selectivity must come if the welfare services are to keep pace with the real needs of the growing numbers of young and old. This too escapes them, and the nonsense goes on. When the crying need is to help the half-a-million children in families below the official poverty line, which could be done selectively for $40 million, the government disburses $250 million indiscriminately. Most of the indiscriminate handout does not reach the poorest. At a dollar per head per week, it still leaves half the needy children below the line. The smaller sum, the selective approach, would have worked out at over $2 per head.

Most of the Cabinet would welcome greater selectivity, and a trifling element was written in small print into the new family benefits. Large families will get the increase sooner. But even that, and the possibility of more to come, upset the Social Security Minister, Peggy Herbison, who resigned. Her stand was endorsed by the parliamentary party; from the back-benches she can be relied on to keep the old guard muttering.

The postwar Labour government left some private health and some private education in being. It cannot now introduce selectivity in public health and education without risk of a stampede of the best teachers and doctors into the private sector. Yet the demands of the health and education services in the future, if selectivity is not brought in, will require taxes at a level not even Crosland would find tolerable.

At the moment, it seems all the government has decided to do is jolly the party along, with defense cuts. Three-hundred-million dollars is to be trimmed between now and 1970, chiefly in Singapore and Malaysia. The cuts are not quite what they seem, for the government has undertaken to help Singapore over the hump. The left would like to see more off defense, but is partly mollified for the summer, while it sharpens its knives for the annual party conference in October.

The prospect is for 700,000 unemployed this winter. But faces seem set against devaluation, though Ted Heath, the Conservative Party leader, is carefully putting himself at a distance, the better to pounce if the pound comes tumbling down.

Brian Wenham

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Sedition in Kentucky

Sargent Shriver apparently has committed himself to cutting off about $1.5 million in poverty funds that finance the Appalachian Volunteers. These are a group of young people, many of them college students, who have sought to work with the mountaineers of Virginia, West Virginia and eastern Kentucky. The trouble is in Kentucky. In some instances the AVs helped start marketing cooperatives and launched small businesses like making honey; others work as teachers in the one-room schools at the old coal camps in the hollows. Most recently, they have had some success in starting a grass-roots movement aimed at stopping strip mining. Strip mining sends an avalanche of dirt tumbling down a hill burying the cabins in the hollows below, and forcing the people out. The fight against strip mining has angered the coal operators, and things have got pretty wild. Some local people have blown up bulldozers and earth movers but there is no suggestion that the AVs were involved in this. By and large, Governor Breathitt of Kentucky has taken an increasingly strong stand against strip mining.

However, matters came to a head a couple of weeks ago, when Alan and Margaret McSurely, two organizers who work for the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), and Joseph Mulloy, a field worker for the Appalachian Volunteers, were arrested in Pikeville, Kentucky, and charged with sedition. They were said to be urging a militant line (advocating such things as mass public works programs); the McSurelys were said to maintain a Marxist library.

The tedious Democratic courthouse hacks in eastern Kentucky run things with an iron hand and always get jittery with an election coming on. Breathitt called Shriver, and after a rather muddled telephone conversation issued a "joint" statement in both his and Shriver's name. It said federal poverty funds to the AVs in Kentucky would be terminated September 1, and added, "This action has been taken because the Appalachian Volunteers, which are not under the supervision of the state and are not under direct control of the OEO, have refused in many instances to cooperate with OEO's program in Kentucky."

Basically the AVs have two main programs in Appalachia. One is a summer session where 200 to 350 students work among people as organizers, teachers, etc.; the other, more substantial end of the operation is a $1.5 million, annual community action program which is geared to teaching, industrial development, and in general is meant to give the mountain people a real voice in deciding alternatives for their future. This is quite the opposite approach to that put forward by the economists in Washington, especially those at the Appalachian Regional Development Commission, who want to move the people out of the mountain hollows of Appalachia into suburban industrial parks.

Breathitt feels his joint statement with Shriver is meant to end the entire AV program. Quite literally, nobody at OEO knows what its policy is, and Shriver or his spokesmen have been quoted in the newspapers both ways. Sometimes they say the money will all be stopped; sometimes they say only part of it will be stopped. Congressman Perkins, who chairs the House Education Committee which has yet to clear the OEO bill for next year, seems to be against the AVs, and his views will be important in determining the future of the program.

Kentucky politics complicate the matter further. Louie B. Nunn, the Republican gubernatorial candidate, went after SCEF during the primary, and he wanted to run the organization's leaders, Tom and Ann Braden, out of Louisville. SCEF has about 25 field workers and is regarded by the House Un-American Activities subcommittee as some sort of Red threat to the underbelly of the nation. Thomas Ratliff, the Pikeville commonwealth attorney, accused Nunn of being a bigot during the primary, but when Ratliff was picked to run as the GOP candidate for lieutenant governor, he switched his line, and went after the McSurelys.

A couple of weeks ago the McSurelys were eating dinner in their home at Harold's Branch, a hollow outside of Pikeville, when 15 men led by Ratliff, all sporting pistols and shotguns, dropped in with a search warrant and a warrant for the arrest of Alan McSurely, 31, on a charge of sedition. On rummaging about the house, Ratliff said the posse uncovered "a really good Marxist library," as well as some correspondence between McSurely's wife, Margaret, 28, and SNCC. As fortune would have it, a magistrate was a member of the posse, and in light of this new damning evidence he quickly fixed up a warrant for her arrest, as well, on charges of sedition. About 11:30 p.m. the McSurelys were taken to jail, where they remained for a week. The authorities collected a truckload of the seditious literature, which included a book of poems by chairman Mao, a couple of books of short stories by Russian authors, and a poster of Che Guevara, whom the prosecutor mistook for Khrushchev.

After the arrest Ratliff said, "We have had complaints here for some time that there were communists working among these poverty program people." He added, "We had reports that these two people [the McSurelys] were here and that they were communists. This apparently is one of their training grounds." The McSurelys have denied the sedition charges.

Soon after the McSurelys were put in jail, they were joined by Joseph Mulloy, 23, an AV field worker, who had also been picked up on sedition charges. Mulloy denied the charges as well. He had been helping to

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organize against strip mining, a controversial issue in the region. Over the years, Ratliff has been well known as a coal operator, although he now says he has got out of the business, and that he never went in for stripping.

While they are friendly with the AV people, the McSurelys really have never had much to do formally with the organization. Alan McSurely was hired as a consultant for the month of April for about $500, and the couple rented their home for a few days to the AVs for a training session for $150.

At a pretrial hearing Pikeville Sheriff Perry Justice said the leading citizens of the town – the coal operators, lawyers, and members of the Chamber of Commerce – had met, before the arrests, to figure out how best to handle the unruly elements that had come into their midst. JAMES RIDGEWAY

The New NSA

National Students Association delegates to its 20th congress had a panel discussion called "Secrecy in a Free Society: the CIA" which featured Robert Amory, former deputy director of the CIA. He said the NSA never came across with any useful intelligence anyhow. The Students for a Democratic Society refused to pay their fees and convened their own "counter-congress" in the basement of the University of Maryland armory. *Their* first session was also a panel discussion called "Secrecy in a Free Society: the CIA."

The congress empathized on the lawns, passed radical but unimplementable legislation, and elected new officers from the ranks of the old officers. The delegates passed resolutions favoring Black Power and abolition of the draft. NSA cannot lobby Congress, or state legislatures, because of its tax-exempt status. Any attempt to do so would cause it to lose the foundation contributions which count for 40 percent of its post-CIA $750,000 budget. (The rest of its money comes from various federal agencies.) Presidential runner-up (and "unwitting") Sam Brown said of NSA legislation: "Well, by and large last year's resolutions weren't *violated*."

The Michigan delegation announced a religious service, lit incense and distributed flowers.

The congress cost $25,000. NSA's new president is Edward Schwartz, formerly the "witting" vice president. To get elected, Schwartz made a deal with the protest candidate, Susan Baumann. She released her votes to Schwartz on condition that he push through a "grass-roots" restructural plan. It calls for remaking NSA into two corporations: a service organization funded by foundation grants, and a self-supporting lobby. The money to support the political arm of the NSA would come from a 50-cent head tax levied on students in member schools. Unfortunately, nobody has thought of any ways of convincing students they should contribute money. But, all things considered, NSA is stronger than before. "A vote against me," said Schwartz after his election, "was a reaction against the CIA." Sixty colleges responded to the CIA disclosure by joining the NSA. NEAL WHITE

X-ray Exposures

In the pre-World War II generation, some physicians treated acne with X-rays, irradiated children's tonsils instead of removing them and generally employed X-ray machines for a variety of serious and trivial ailments without knowing the long-term effects of such exposure. A few months ago, a research group at the University of California Medical Center analyzed the records of patients over the past 45 years and found the incidence of thyroid cancer to have increased at "an unprecedented rate." During the twenties, two percent of patients suspected of having nodular goiter were found to have cancer. That proportion rose to 15 percent in such patients for the decade 1955-1965. Similar findings have come from the New York State Department of Health. The evidence shows a strong connection with profligate use of X-radiation a generation ago.

Knowledge of the physical and genetic effects of X-radiation has advanced significantly in the postwar era. So has the use of X-rays, with over 150 million pictures taken last year. So has the technology to get better pictures with lower dosage. Nevertheless, while the benefits of X-rays are immediate and well-publicized, the costs are long-range and largely covered up – to the extent they are known. Only now is institutionalized silence over X-radiation exposure about to give way to the first, comprehensive scrutiny in a public forum. This week, the Senate Commerce Committee begins a series of hearings, chaired by Sen. E. L. Bartlett (D, Alaska), on ionizing radiation hazards of electronic products. Attention will be directed to the condition of over 200,000 medical and dental X-ray machines. Various professional groups have been reluctant to recognize candidly the real dangers and to go about reducing them.

A key expert witness before the committee is Dr. Karl Morgan, director of Health Physics at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Dr. Morgan's data and findings pose a serious challenge to the posture and policies of the dental, medical and radiological professions and their influence on the US Public Health Service. His studies conclude that:

Medical and dental exposure accounts for about 90

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percent of all exposure of the American population from man-made sources of ionizing radiation.

The average dose to the gonads in the US today from medical radiation is as much as 100 times the average dose from radioactive fallout.

Diagnostic radiation (medical and dental X-rays) doses in the US are much higher than those obtaining in other modern, industrialized societies. The average dose in the US is 10 times higher than in the United Kingdom, four times higher than Japan and 15 times higher than Norway.

Dr. Morgan notes that "no matter how great the medical benefits derived from X-rays, this is no justification of the fact that because of the use of poor techniques with obsolete and improperly operated equipment, many X-ray exposures are 10 or more times that needed for the best diagnostic results." He emphasizes that readily available technology, skills and practices could "prevent hundreds and perhaps thousands of children being born each year with mental and physical handicaps of varying degrees, the vast majority of which go undetected." He is mindful of the lifesaving contributions of X-ray diagnosis, but estimates a possible range of 3,600 to 11,000 deaths per year from such radiation, and "probably thousands of injuries for every death."

The style of violence unleashed by X-radiation is shown in this summary by Dr. Morgan: "The geneticist H. J. Muller has pointed out that there may be as many as 10,000 nonvisible mutations for each of the visible variety. It is my firm belief that these more subtle forms of damage, many of which are never recognized, may in the long run do greater damage and place a greater burden on our society than those forms of radiation damage which result in the death of the individual. Also, I believe that this same thing applies to somatic [bodily] forms of damage as well as to genetic injury."

Dr. Morgan is considered an interloper by many in the dental, medical and radiological professions. They see his studies as a threat to exercise of professional judgment in the use of X-rays as diagnostic and therapeutic tools. No profession likes to be told that its machinery needs modernizing or that its training is inadequate. But though 40 states have legislation and regulations governing X-ray machines, the reality of state and local regulation is dismal.

New York City probably has the strictest inspection program in the country. In 1961, over 3,600 X-ray units in that city were inspected and 92 percent were found defective. In 1965, the states reported that of a total number of 113,806 medical X-ray units in use, only 25,174 were inspected, and nearly half were found defective; but corrections were reported in only 7,713. California has not finished its first round of inspections yet. Connecticut has only two inspectors for the entire state, Indiana one.

A Connecticut dentist says that in 20 years he has never had an inspector come to his office. His use of lead aprons is self-imposed. The American Dental Association does not recommend such protective covering though the US Public Health Service does. Most dentists do not bother with any protective covering to shield against spraying. In many offices, a patient sitting in a dental chair can be exposed to radiation from eyeball to abdomen, including his gonads.

In 1965 there were only 143 full-time men working in X-ray and control programs in the entire nation. Professor Hanson Blatz, director of the New York City Office of Radiation Control, cites X-ray machines with inadequate shielding that spray daily doses on unknowing workers in other rooms of the building. Many mobile X-ray units in hospitals that cater to the poor use hand-me-down equipment.

Professor Blatz has pointed out that relatively simple changes can reduce much of the excess dosage. Aiming and timing devices and new, high-speed films are inexpensive measures which reduce sharply the dosage from X-rays and also improve the amount of radiological information obtained.

Training of operators of X-ray machines is inadequate. This lack of training includes members of the dental and medical professions. The deficiency affects both patient and operator. A Johns Hopkins University study concludes that X-ray technicians have a statistically significant, greater than average chance of producing mongoloid children.

Most students receive very little training in radiology at US medical schools. At Yale Medical School, an institution with high standards, most students take one short course in radiology which deals primarily with the reading of X-rays. With the recent (1966) exception of New York, no state requires the licensing of X-ray machine operators after a proficiency examination. Dr. Granville Larimore of the New York State Department of Health described the situation in his state: "We knew that a large number of these other people taking X-rays were not really X-ray technicians. They were nurses, secretaries, receptionists, medical assistants, and others working in the offices of private physicians. . . . For the most part their 'training' was limited to a few hours of instruction by a representative of the equipment manufacturers." Dr. Larimore says unskilled operators "often can expose the gonads of patients to as much as 100 to 200 times the amount of radiation necessary from a purely medical point of view." Recent Public Health Service surveys indicate that a large number of dentists and their assistants are overexposing and underdeveloping the films.

RALPH NADER

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Highway Murder

Fifty-three thousand Americans will die on our highways this year. Their deaths will not be accidental, but caused by recklessness. The auto makers think they are the whipping boy of the highway accident problem and they are partly right. They brought federal regulation on their own heads by their procrastination, but the apathy of the auto industry is shared by every segment of our society.

Our psychology is that the serious injury, the "bad one," always happens to the other guy. We lawyers handle human wreckage – the man whose leg is cut off by a speeding car, the woman who is decapitated. Most of us believe it never can happen to us.

Travel by automobile is the most dangerous. For every 10 billion miles of travel, five train passengers die, 13 bus passengers die, 14 airplane passengers die, but by automobile there are 570 fatalities for the same number of miles of travel. The federal government requires periodic examinations and strict licensing standards for airplane pilots, but automobile drivers have a field day. I strongly disagree with Ralph Nader and others who seem to think the safety automobile will greatly reduce the annual toll of highway deaths. The safety automobile, when it comes, will hardly make a noticeable dent on the death and injury statistics for another 10 years. Ninety-five million autos now crowd our highways and over nine million new autos are produced annually. Autos now in use will take at least 10 years to wear out and be replaced. Deaths are likely to reach 100,000 annually by 1977.

Perhaps 90 percent of all deaths and injuries can be blamed on the American driver. With our population nearing 200 million, and three-car families becoming commonplace, it is time to set proper standards for our 130 million drivers, many of whom not only drive while drunk or nearly so, but speed, tailgate, bob and weave in traffic, fall asleep at the wheel, fail to use seat belts or to insist that passengers use seat belts, fail to drive defensively, jump traffic signs and traffic lights, fail to yield the right of way, ignore the other fellow's rights.

To compound the problem, we allow every Tom, Dick and Harry to drive. Dr. F. H. Mayfield, Cincinnati neurosurgeon, estimates that more than six million of the country's drivers are subject to convulsive diseases. How many of our millions of older citizens have lost their reflexes, their ability to react to highway traffic emergencies? How many of our millions of persons with defective eyesight still have licenses to drive? In most states the only vision test ever given is when the driver's license is first granted. Human vision is presumed never to deteriorate with the passing years.

In Pennsylvania, a motorist was killed when he crashed into a tree. He was totally blind. An eight-year-old boy beside him directed his driving. In Florida, a highway patrolman stopped a man who was traveling 26 mph down the middle lane of a highway with a posted minimum speed of 40. The driver admitted his eyesight was too poor to read the signs. He could see where he was going only by looking down to watch the dividing line.

In 30 states licenses are renewed by mail – a lucrative mail-order business.

About half of all auto fatalities are caused by drinking drivers. In most states intoxication is presumed shown by a percentage of 0.15 alcohol in the blood. North Dakota is the one state in which 0.10 percent is presumptive evidence of intoxication. Drinker-drivers with blood-alcohol levels between 0.5 and 0.15 percent are the bulk of the problem; the extremely intoxicated driver, as a rule, is taken off the road either by himself, his friends, or the police. The drinking-driver does not recognize that his judgment, reflexes and vision have been impaired.

Among other things, we should:

► Drop the permissible blood-alcohol rate for driving to .05 percent in every state. (No more than one drink for the average drinker.)

► Adopt "implied consent laws" in every state. Under these, a driver's license is automatically revoked if he refuses to submit to chemical tests when arrested on a drunken driving charge.

Today, our 50 states present a spectacle of chaos, with laxity and no uniformity in licensing of drivers. Congress should enact legislation requiring every driver crossing a state line to obtain a license from a Federal Bureau of Drivers' Licenses, under the newly created Federal Department of Transportation. The system of licensing would require written certification by a licensed physician that a driver

(1) has minimum prescribed visual capacities;

(2) does not have specified physical ailments such as epilepsy, diabetes, palsy or other disorders which make his driving hazardous;

(3) can respond with reasonable alacrity to highway emergencies under modern high-speed highway conditions;

(4) is free from prescribed mental and personality aberrations resulting from designated mental diseases and disabilities;

(5) is certified by his physician not to be a chronic alcoholic, or dependent on or addicted to tranquillizers, narcotics or drugs.

New physical and eye examinations and doctor's certification would be needed for license renewal.

Joseph Kelner

Mr. Kelner is a past president of the American Trial Lawyers' Association.

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Mao and the Gold Goose

Will Hong Kong Become Peking Duck?

Hong Kong

The British garrison here has orders to resist any Chinese invasion for only 24 hours; if Peking really wants Hong Kong it can have it. Mao smiles down from a thousand shops, banks and offices except where a can of Kuomintang paint has blotted him out.

A rocky peak of trade and of transit, Hong Kong has never, like other colonies, been destined for self-determination. No one disputed, nor do they now, that Hong Kong would return to China. Hong Kong remains as it is only as long as Peking consents.

Hong Kong has been a golden goose. One of the 20 top trading communities in the world, its exports and imports in 1966 totaled US $3 billion, 14 percent up on 1965. Four hundred and fifty-eight thousand tourists came here last year, 13 percent up on 1965. Per capita income, at over US $300, is one of the highest, after Japan, in Asia. Its skyline, and the way of life of most of its people, bear witness to Hong Kong's own Great Leap Forward since the dark days of Japanese rule (when the population was less than half its present 3.9 million). Hong Kong has been an economic animal, its political pulse quiet, its anomalies resting undisturbed on a magic carpet of uninterrupted economic success. Kuomintang workers have labored at the same bench as communist workers, each thinking his own thoughts, but both sleeping in the same industrial bed. And both probably preferring to support the KMT and the CCP respectively while dwelling in Hong Kong, than in Taipeh and Peking.

Since March 1966, 55,000 US troops have come from the battlefield of Vietnam to the mainland of China for "R and R" (Rest and Recreation, sometimes known as "I and I" – Intercourse and Intoxication). Hong Kong has tended to regard them less as bearers of American military ideology, than as $200 per man per visit to spend.

"The Hong Kong affair began in Macao" remarked a left-wing writer. The Macao communists "Maoized" Portuguese Macao, doing what seemed to be their cultural revolutionary duty. Young militants in Hong Kong have apparently dragged or shamed the older, fat red cats of Hong Kong communism – bankers, merchants, industrialists, more than one with children studying in Paris or London – into the present struggle against everything they have accepted for years past. The "British imperialists" are said to be "on the verge of their doom"; but it is left unclear just what actual steps should or could be taken to dismantle British rule. Operating as communists in Hong Kong is rather like operating as Christians in a brothel. Sixty percent of the population are refugees from China, where their experience taught them something about communist strategies. The Macao affair gave them six months' notice of what to expect. And the Cultural Revolution has made most of them distinctly *less* sympathetic to communist appeals than they were one year ago. A member of the "Struggle Committee" said "about 20 percent" of Hong Kong people are supporters of the struggle; and that is roughly the number that reads the communist press. The government figure of five percent is too low; yet the support is less than might be expected, given the build-up of pro-China sentiment in the colony in recent years. Moderate Chinese who spoke glowingly of China in 1964 and 1965 have fallen silent.

To say that the Cultural Revolution has spilled over into Hong Kong is not to say that Peking planned the whole affair. Supplies of pigs, chickens and vegetables still roll in from Kwangtung each day, and so China is not trying to starve Hong Kong. Nor has Peking told London that China wants Hong Kong back. Peking has simply given loud moral support, and $3.5 million, to the Hong Kong compatriots, and set the Peking mob to sack and burn the British diplomatic mission, in retaliation for Hong Kong's charging Communist Chinese newspaper executives in the colony with sedition and banning their papers.

How will Peking take over Hong Kong, and *how* will Peking integrate Hong Kong's 3.9 million people? Mao is unlikely to use either the army, or normal diplomatic methods, in recovering Hong Kong. It would be far more in accord with "self-reliance" and the "mass line," and a far greater moral triumph, if Hong Kong returned to the fold by a process of "Maoization from within." What better proof that history is on the side of communism? Furthermore, such a method of recovering Hong Kong would reduce the problem of transition to communist rule. The People's Army, were they to march in from Kwangtung, would find that a colony mostly made up of refugees from China, used to British rule, intellectual freedom, and business as usual, is a tougher nut to crack than Shanghai was in 1949. A backlash might even threaten the stability of Kwangtung province.

The answer to the question, "Does Peking want Hong Kong back soon?," depends on how successful is the process of "Maoization from within." Peking may have an open mind, in the midst of other pressing preoccupations, until it is clearer just what sort of a job the Hong Kong communists have done. Peking

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could put a stop to the struggle here, if the $600 million in foreign exchange that China earns through Hong Kong, and the value of Hong Kong as a listening and propagandizing base for Asia, persuaded Peking to do so. Or, if wrenching Hong Kong out of British hands at all costs was the aim, Peking could do it. But Peking is doing neither.

There are signs that "Maoization from within" is failing. The Cultural Revolution meets opposition within China, so it's not surprising it should meet bigger opposition in Hong Kong. But the communists have caused disruption and economic damage. What are the options for Britain? Hong Kong depends heavily upon China (much more so than China depends upon Hong Kong) but Britain gets little from either. British investments in Hong Kong are $135 million; but Hong Kong buys more from China, Japan and the US than it buys from Britain, and Britain spends $30 million to defend the colony. Loss of investments and disruption of trade could persuade the British to pack up and leave. Britain shows no signs of quitting at present, but may not stay long if law and order cannot be maintained without police-military methods and emergency regulations, and if the economic dynamism which alone disguises the weaknesses and anomalies of Hong Kong does not return. All the weaknesses of an essentially Victorian colonial administration would be mercilessly exposed if the economy declined and social problems and political consciousness mounted. The government is trying to demonstrate that Hong Kong still has a rosy economic future so long as people do not worry. Time will test their optimism. But Britain does not call Hong Kong a "bastion of liberty," or talk of "commitments." It has been a good tactic. The communists seem to find it harder to deal with pragmatic administrative measures than with anti-communist crusades.

Ross Terrill

South Vietnam's Captive Vote

by Tran Van Dinh

On September 3, a Sunday, four million South Vietnamese voters will go to the polls. It should be a sunny day in Saigon or in the Delta, with the rainy season ending; and a rainy day in Hue and Central Vietnam, with the monsoon just starting there. Rain or shine, the Vietnamese trooping to the polls will be captive voters. Police will stamp identification cards at the voting booths and anyone subsequently searched and found without the election-day stamp on his card will be in danger of automatic classification as a Viet Cong. There will be 900 polling stations in Saigon alone. Each voter will get, first, eleven ballots, one for each presidential ticket (two names: president and vice president); then 48 other ballots, one for each senatorial slate (10 names on each). He will have to go over 502 names (22 for presidential, 480 for senatorial) and scrutinize 59 symbols (two for presidential, 48 for senatorial). The symbol for Phan Khac Suu's ticket is a male buffalo, and for Nguyen Dinh Quat it is a female buffalo. Hard to tell the difference. There are 60 senators to be elected. Of the 480 senatorial candidates, all but 72 live in Saigon and its swelling suburbs. The 72 whose residence is outside of Saigon live in provincial cities, insulated from peasants.

Ly Dai Nguyen, an aspiring presidential candidate, proposed a 24-hour cease-fire on election day. He was excluded from the race. Decree Law 004/65 proscribes "all plots and actions under the false name of peace and neutrality." The central electoral committee of the national Constituent Assembly barred all candidates whose platform was peace. The candidates included Dr. Au Truong Thanh, former Minister of Economy and Finance, a presidential candidate; and 16 senatorial slates (160 persons), among them Professor Ho Huu Tuong, a well-known writer who was sentenced to death in 1962 by President Ngo Dinh Diem, and Dr. Nguyen Duy Tai, who runs the maternity clinic where the Buddhist leader Thich Tri Quang was under house arrest for several weeks in June last year. General Duong Van Minh, former head of state, was prevented from returning from Bangkok to run.

The Ky-Thieu ticket's most formidable opponents are Tran Van Huong and his running mate, Mai Tho Truyen, a noted Buddhist scholar. Huong, 64, is a South Vietnamese, born of a poor family at Vinh Long. General Thieu is from central Vietnam, General Ky

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Tran Van Dinh *was Chargé d'Affaires and Acting Ambassador of Vietnam to the United States in 1964.*

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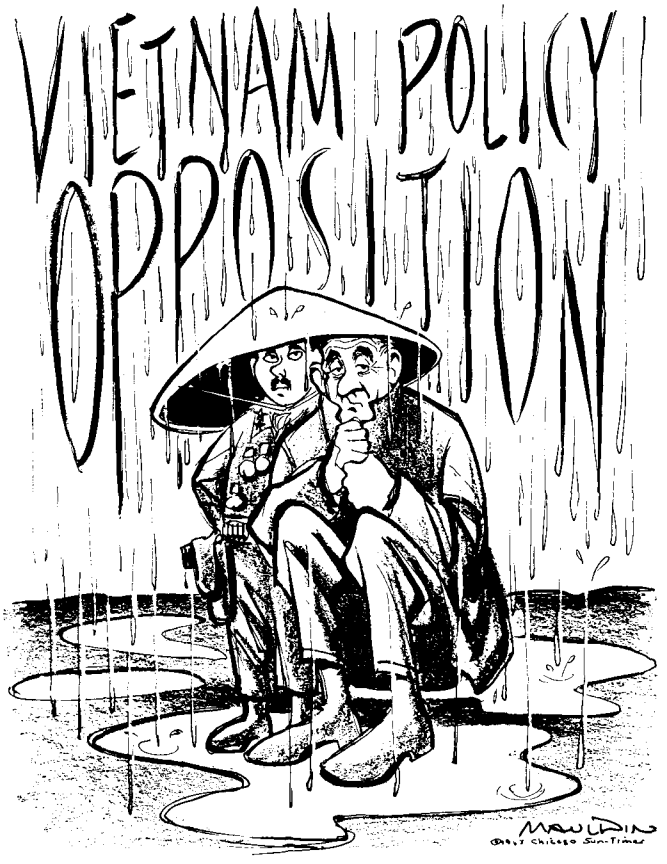
is a northerner. Huong as a student was active in the nationalist cause. During the first days of the August 1945 revolution led by Ho Chi Minh and the Viet Minh Party, Huong was elected chairman of the administrative committee of Tay Ninh province, in the south. He joined the Viet Minh *maquis* when British troops arrived in September 1945 to disarm the Japanese and help the French reestablish their colonial power. He refused to cooperate with French-sponsored regimes from 1946 to 1954, when General Thieu and General Ky were with the French forces. In 1954, under President Ngo Dinh Diem, Tran Van Huong was mayor of Saigon-Cholon. He resigned in March 1955, after having been in office five months, long enough to discover that President Diem did not want any criticism of Diem's regime. Following the abortive revolution on November 11, 1960, of army paratroopers led by General Nguyen Chanh Thi (then a colonel, now in exile in Washington, D.C.), Huong was arrested and charged with being in the rebellion.

Early in 1964, after the fall of Diem, Tran Van Huong again became mayor of Saigon-Colon, and then became prime minister of South Vietnam. But his civilian regime was overthrown by the army on January 27, 1965, and he took asylum for a week in the residence of the British Ambassador. Later he was allowed to be the "special guest" of the military junta at Vung Tau seaside resort and lived in a government villa named Santa Maria, well guarded by police. On July 13 this year, he was authorized to go to Saigon for a "courtesy call" on General Ky.



Monsoon

A teacher by profession, Huong is also a poet and playwright. In a press interview two days before his July meeting with Ky he was quoted as saying that everyone was tired of the war and wanted peace. "America also wants peace, in 1968. . . . If peace is achieved there is no winner and no loser."

Despite their power to influence or rig the election, the military junta have shown signs of uncertainty and insecurity. Like all dictatorial regimes, they are afraid of their own people. On May 13, Ky warned that he "might respond militarily if a civilian whose policies he disagreed with won the post [of president]." On July 27, he threatened to "overthrow" any opposition ticket that won by "trickery." It is obvious to everyone that the only candidates who could win by "trickery" are those on the Thieu-Ky ticket.

On June 29, Ky was forced by his fellow generals, and by the pressure of US Ambassador Bunker, to accept the No. 2 spot on the presidential ticket with his rival, General Nguyen Van Thieu. As No. 2, he now has to try harder. On July 22 in the mountain resort of Dalat, he met with his close associate, Chief of Police Nguyen Ngoc Loan, and 50 key district police chiefs, and he has declared he is not going to be a "tea-drinking" vice president, though the 1967 constitution stipulates (article 66) that the vice president "is chairman of the Culture and Educational Council, the Economic and Social Council and the Ethnic Minority Council" and "cannot hold any other position in the government." It would be a tragedy for Vietnam to have General Ky supervise the culture and education of the country, and it would be disastrous for the people's welfare to have him oversee their economic, social and minority problems. But Ky is not going to be a figurehead. At his instigation, the senior generals in South Vietnam have formed a "military committee" to act as a kitchen cabinet if the Thieu-Ky ticket wins. In the unlikely case of its ticket losing, the committee will serve to overthrow the civilian elected president.

General Ky has other plans if his ticket wins. He made a step backward in June 1967; he will make two steps forward after the election. He could force parliament to amend the constitution to enable the vice president to take on the functions of prime minister. He might even overthrow Thieu and take his place as president. If, however, after the elections he feels he is not strong enough yet, he can select as civilian prime minister a friend, such as General Nguyen Duc Thang, Minister of Revolutionary Development, Ky's close associate, and a favorite of the US mission.

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How Children Learn

by Joseph Featherstone

The British Plowden Committee's Report, *Children and Their Primary Schools*, is a complicated document in social history, and to draw one single lesson from it would be a mistake. Some of its surveys are of universal interest – one careful study suggests convincingly what common sense has often suggested before, that parents' attitudes play a larger role in a child's life than anything the school does on its own. Some chapters will be items of political controversy: its excellent proposals for nursery schools and aid to poor areas, for example, have little immediate hope of being pushed through by a government whose finances are in a melancholy state. Some are of purely British interest – the earnest and troubled discussion of compulsory religious education, for example. But an American may be pardoned if one aspect of the report fixes his attention: the extent to which this official document is a radical, if stately hymn of praise to the kinds of classrooms described in my first report [*NR*, August 19].

There is no doubt that this remarkable report celebrates a fairly recent change. Until not long ago, heads of many schools could point to a chart in their office showing what each class was doing every minute of the week, and the number of minutes spent on each subject. (English, for example, being divided up into periods for spelling, grammar, exercises, composition, recitation, reading, handwriting, and so on.) It is obvious, as the Plowden Report tartly points out, "that this arrangement was not suited to what was known of the nature of children, of the classification of subject matter, or the art of teaching." Since procedures always affect substance, it is hard to believe that the learning in such classrooms was very much different from that epitomized in a 19th-century "Simple Catechism of the History of England Adapted to the Capacities of Young Children," which went like this:

Q. Which was the next king?

A. John, the brother of Richard, succeeded.

Q. What sort of king was he?

A. A very wicked, deceitful, cruel king.

How did change come about? In the first place, a tradition has developed over the last 50 years that gives heads of British schools great freedom in matters of scheduling and curriculum, and teachers a fair amount of say about what goes on in the classroom. By itself this freedom did not produce much change, it is important to note. But it was clearly a prerequisite for reform. Also British schools traditionally feel relatively free from public and parental opinion. This independence seems less of a necessary prerequisite to reform, but since parents seem to approve the new methods when they understand them, it is true that people in British schools are not running as scared as their American counterparts, who often see public opinion not as a source of policy, but as a shadowy, yet massive veto on all innovation.

Plainly, the infant schools, being distinct institutions, have been able to create separate, more experimental traditions than schools higher up the educational ladder. They benefited by having to face five-year-olds, for surely one important element in the primary school revolution has been the awkward necessity to deal with very small children, who are insistently individual and difficult to herd around. The existence of the smaller children has done much to promote individual learning and teaching geared to individuals, rather than groups. This, and the fact that nursery and infant teachers were often trained together in the same institutions, meant that English teachers were inclined as a practical matter to relate their teaching to basic theories of child development. The characteristic innovations of the primary school revolution were first worked out by a number of infant schools much influenced by practices in progressive nursery schools, whose teachers, in turn, had been absorbing the ideas of thinkers like Montessori, Susan Isaacs, Dewey and Piaget.

Another element in the reform was a different emphasis in the work of the HMI's (government inspectors). As long as the inspectors acted as educational policemen, making the schools toe the mark, their effect over the years was to dampen innovation. But as their role took on more and more of an advisory character, they became important agents for disseminating new ideas. There is a clear moral here: external rules enforced from without not only have little positive effect on schools, but they tend to make their practices rigidify through fear. Where government and local inspectors have ceased inspecting and taken up advising, the results have been excellent. Some of the lively authorities, such as Leicestershire, set up distinct advisory offices, with no administrative responsibilities except to spread ideas and train teachers in new methods.

The shadow of IQ and achievement tests lay heavy

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on British schools until recently, and the reform has been linked to a partial lifting of the shadow. The pressure has eased most in a few authorities that have successfully abolished the "eleven-plus" examination which used to separate English children at the age of 11 into goats and sheep; a small number of goats went to a "grammar school" that prepared them for a university, while the large number of sheep went to a "secondary modern school" that frequently prepared them for nothing. Some are very good indeed, but all too many are merely custodial institutions, like American slum high schools, with the difference that they speak to students in the very English accents of Mr. Dombey: "I am far from being friendly to what is called by persons of leveling sentiments, general education. But it is necessary that the inferior classes should continue to be taught to know their position and to conduct themselves properly. So far, I approve of schools." Grammar schools, on the other hand, have traditionally been obsessed with the highly competitive tests for university placement, and therefore, like many crack American high schools, their patterns of instruction are very brittle. ("This is a rat race and I am a rat," as a friend of mine who went to Philadelphia's Central High School put it.) Most British educators are ready now to admit that the eleven-plus was fearfully wasteful of talent, and that a test at that age is not a sound prediction of a child's future – except that it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, with children defined as stupid coming to act stupid. But while it is disappearing, no one is sure what is to replace it.

Moral for Reformers

Authorities are setting up comprehensive high schools – the policy favored by the Labour government – but it is far from clear that Britain will radically alter its wasteful, meritocratic patterns of secondary and university education. All this of course has a profound, if indirect influence on further prospects for change in the primary schools. It is worth emphasizing that the authorities which are establishing alternatives to a system dominated by IQ and achievement tests are also those where reform has moved farthest, even into the junior schools. The moral for reformers on both sides of the Atlantic is, again, obvious. But the problem of tests is a reminder that, dimly, the ultimate fate of the primary school revolution is related to Britain's "long revolution" toward a more equal society; in this limited sense, its aims parallel some of the contradictory social goals of that ambiguous movement in American history known as progressive education. (More of this in my next report.)

As in America, there has been a great deal of curriculum reform in England in recent years, and this has played a large part in the change. Projects sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation and the Schools Council (a large body composed of representatives of universities and educational organizations, with a guaranteed majority of teachers) are extremely significant, particularly in mathematics, a subject that has undergone dramatic transformation in the last five or six years. Math offers an excellent illustration of the fusion of classroom practice with new ideas on child development that is characteristic of the primary school revolution, and I want to go into this important matter in some detail.

Developmental psychology – the study of the growth of intellect and the order in which various abilities flower – has a great influence on the British schools, but the influence is of a special sort. The same theorists, Baldwin, Isaacs, Bruner, and especially the Swiss psychologist, Jean Piaget, are read in America (along with the dominant American behaviorist school), but to less practical effect. As a rule, theorists have less impact on schools than most people suppose – schools, like girls, are seldom ruined by books – and when they do, it is usually because their theories seem to confirm successful or popular practices. This is generally the case in Britain today, except that the work of the developmental psychologists, and Piaget in particular, has proved so fruitful and suggestive in the area of mathematics that their assumptions are beginning to pervade classrooms and shape the direction of educational innovation.

Some of the most important assumptions are that a great majority of primary school children can't just be told things, that they learn basic mathematical concepts much more slowly than adults realize, and that the patterns of abstract thought used in mathematics must be built up from layer after layer of direct experience – seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling. According to Piaget, each of us needs to forge, through direct experience, a mental scheme of the world, with a hierarchy of meanings; a learner has to organize material and his own behavior, adapting and being adapted in the process. He learns by his own activity. In a lifetime's work with young children, including his own, Piaget has advanced the idea that children learn to think in stages, and that in the early stages they learn mainly from the testimony of their senses, and not so much through words. At first, small children think intuitively and even magically; at another stage they can deal practically with concrete experiences; and still later they proceed to a point where they can think abstractly and make use of mathematical abstractions. In a series of classic experiments, Piaget has offered persuasive evidence that ideas which seem obvious to an adult are by no means obvious to a small child. Certain mathematical principles are difficult to grasp,

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except through repeated experience. Take the principle of invariance of number, for example: if you rearrange five pebbles there are still five. It seems hard for children to grasp that. Or reversibility: if you reverse a process – take two beads from eight then return them – you arrive at the same state of affairs from which you began. Or the principle of conservation: if you put a given amount of water in a flat saucer and pour the contents of the saucer into a tall glass, many children will say that the amount of liquid has changed, and it takes both time and experience to get them to see that the amount is really the same. All this has practical consequences for teaching mathematics: it is of little use to a boy if he can do sums in a workbook but still fails to understand reversal or the conservation of number.

Conservation and Conversation

How does a child learn conservation? Much learning takes place over time, by himself, involving what often looks to an adult like mere play or mindless repetition. A teacher can quicken learning and direct it along more methodical lines by providing suitable experiences and discussion, but children need time and often learn most efficiently on their own. Conversation is important, and part of the teacher's role with small children is to provide words and phrases when needed. Children are encouraged to talk in the good British primary schools, because, among other reasons, it seems that they make better intellectual progress when they can speak freely about what they're doing and when the teacher is ready from time to time with questions and appropriate terms.

Piaget himself has spelled out a fairly exact sequence of development, from intuitive thinking to being able to reason concretely to the use of abstractions, and he has assigned these stages to definite chronological ages. Many teachers have questioned any scheme that pretends to be able to predict what a six- or a seven-year-old can learn, just as some critics have argued that Piaget pays too little attention to the social context of learning – the child's feelings, the expectations of the teacher, and more important, those of the parents. And yet there is a growing respect for Piaget's general outline of the stages of a child's development, based on experience in teaching mathematics. Whether or not his theories are ultimately accepted as true, it is clear that he and other developmental theorists have pushed British schools in directions that are pedagogically sound, toward an understanding that abstract concepts and words are hard for children, that children learn best from their own activity, and that they need time in which to grow.

Hence the belief of the good infant schools that what adults call play is a principal means of learning in childhood, a belief that seems more plausible when you consider how much children learn without formal instruction in the years before they come to school. Hence the sand and water tables, the rich variety of number apparatus, the clay, the wood, the geometric shapes to play with, the weights and balances, the Wendy Houses, and the dress-up clothes (to explore adult roles, as well as the materials that make up the world); hence, too, the conviction that a classroom should offer myriads of rich activities to choose from, that allowing children to repeat activities is often good, and that language and experience should link together in conversations among children and with the teacher.

The Schools Council's admirable *Mathematics in the Primary Schools* has a handy checklist of the areas of mathematical knowledge of an ordinary seven-year-old by the time he leaves a good infant school. The list is accurate, and I'm going to restate some of the main categories and describe some of the classroom activities related to each. Remember that in many schools there is no timetable and no division of the curriculum into separate subjects, so "maths" will be going on in the classroom at the same time as painting or reading or writing – much writing, in fact, consists of accounts of things done in math.

An ordinary seven-year-old knows:

1. Sorting and classifying things into sets (a set is any defined group of objects); comparing the sizes of two sets, the number of objects in each; the use of terms for expressing inequalities, more than, smaller than and so on. As soon as they come to school, children begin sorting out all manner of things around the classroom, from buttons to pieces of material to building blocks. Sorting out merchandise in the play store is one way to learn about sets, as is laying the dinner table in the Wendy House, making sure to get the right number of forks and knives. On their own, small children sort endlessly, like monks at their beads, "four of these, and five of these."

2. Counting; conservation of number; the composition of numbers up to 20 – how a number like 7 can be made up of smaller numbers added together (4 plus 3); knowing the numbers up to 20 well enough to see that 14 and 6 are 20 without having to count on fingers. Just as children in these classes learn to write by writing, not by filling words in workbooks, they learn counting by counting. They roam around the classroom making inventories of other children, windows, shoes, chairs, always writing the number down. As in reading, they get unfamiliar numbers from each other or the teacher. "Twenty-seven is on the calendar," a boy advises a perplexed little girl who has just finished a count of some milk bottles. They weigh things on scales and balances endlessly: "How

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many bolts balance nine beans?" Here again the play shop is useful.

3. Knowing the number line – all the numbers in order up to 100; understanding place value in number notation – the fact that each of the 4's in 444 has a value that depends on its place. Many classes have actual number lines, homemade strips of paper a few inches wide and 100 inches long, with the numbers written one per inch in sequence from one to 100, and with the 10s marked prominently with colored magic marker. Along with the big one come number strips of different sizes from one to 10 inches in length; these are used with the big number line to find answers to various problems – addition, subtraction, multiplication. Just by playing with the number line, children can begin to see patterns: if you add 10 to 7 and then keep going, you begin to sense regularities, 17, 27, 37, and so on.

4. Measurement; rulers and other instruments of measurement, including units of money; conservation of measures, liquid and dry (a quart is a quart, whatever the shape of its container); knowledge of the relationship between one unit and another – inches to feet, for example. They invent their own units – their hands, their feet. Children measure the classroom, the playground and everything within. They measure each other, making graphs of heights. They play games guessing the measurement of something and then finding out who guessed best and writing an account to explain why.

5. Simple fractions: the children learn these by dividing up all kinds of real things into halves, quarters, and three-quarters.

6. Aspects of addition, multiplication, and division as these arise from real situations in the classroom. The idea is to have all the first steps performed on real materials, not as abstract exercises. Before a child tackles two times seven, he handles two sets of seven things, and seven sets of two things, using different kinds of objects.

7. Shape and size, including some simple proportions – such as four times as heavy as, twice as tall as, nearly as old as. Children play with shapes, making and copying patterns. Cardboard boxes are cut out, flattened and then rebuilt, the children slowly acquiring a sense of what a cube is; here work with shapes touches on solid geometry. At one school in Bristol, children noticed that the wooden floor of the assembly hall consisted of squares about a foot on a side, and on a teacher's suggestion, with the help of some 50-foot lengths of rope, they worked out a game. Following the squares on the floor, pairs of children made polygons with their rope; some were simply large rectangles, most were intricate, with many sides. Then each child would find the area of his polygon by counting (hopping from square to square) the number of squares inside the perimeter. If each child in a pair got a different answer, they recounted. As soon as they were satisfied of the area, the children would begin setting themselves problems to do: for instance, given the fixed length of rope, could you make a figure that had an area of only 25 squares? Or, after making a shape you liked, how could you modify it to increase the area two squares? The teacher walked around the hall, asking further questions, helping out the children who still had trouble with the basic area of their first figure, and posing new kinds of problems: you might be asked to describe your shape in words alone, without using physical gestures.

When an American visitor reflects on all these varied activities he is impressed not so much by the amount learned – though that is certainly staggering – as by its fundamental nature. What the children know, they know for sure; they have time in which to establish an understanding of extremely basic things that are seldom even taught in American classrooms. First-grade teachers in this country are sometimes astonished when they discover how many of the children successfully solving workbook sums have no appreciation of, say, the conservation of number; the same is true of children taught to memorize multiplication tables without ever having had a chance to understand what multiplication means, and what number relationships are involved.

A Creative Influence

The approach is mathematical – stressing learning to think – rather than arithmetical, stressing mechanical computation. Rote learning and memorizing have been abandoned by good British primary schools, partly because they are dull, but more because they are poor ways to learn. It is assumed as a matter of course that children will proceed each at a different pace, doing different things. The idea of readiness is seldom used as a justification for holding a child back – a sure sign that Piaget's influence has been creative, rather than restrictive, since his theories could be used that way. The results of these practices – in perfectly measurable or in less tangible terms – are striking. By giving children an opportunity to explore and experiment – play if you will – and by putting teachers in a position where they can watch children and talk to them about what puzzles or intrigues them, good British primary schools are producing classes where mathematics is a pleasure, and where, each year, there are fewer and fewer mathematical illiterates.

Mathematics not only illustrates the fusion of developmental psychology with actual classroom practice, it is also becoming in itself an important catalyst

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for schools making the change from formal to informal methods of learning. This is in some part owing to the efforts of the Nuffield Foundation and the Schools Council, whose excellent curriculum materials for primary schools are not textbooks or set courses, but rather practical handbooks of suggestions for teachers, a large amount of whose space is given over to actual samples and pictures of children's work. (The Nuffield math books are dedicated to Piaget.) In sharp contrast to America, where many of the good curriculum projects are the work of university people, the British have taken enormous pains to enlist ordinary primary school teachers in the process of creating and spreading new ideas and materials. This is an important aspect of the great change, and offers a partial explanation for its success.

These are some of the various elements that have gone into the revolution in the British primary schools. Many are distinctly British, and not for export; but there are some lessons for American schools in this great transformation. My next and final report will attempt to sift them out.

This is the second of three articles.

Selling Land in Florida

by John Hunter

"Walk on it before you buy it" is what the other real estate ads in the *Collier County News* say. And that is very good advice for the people Gulf American Corp. flies into East Naples, Fla., to buy tracts in its Remuda Ranch Grants. But the buyers don't always take the advice. For one thing, it is not feasible to walk on the land because it lies in a very wet part of the Big Cypress Swamp. Most of it is inaccessible by roads or even by footpaths and for a very good reason – most of it is under water. The fantastic Gulf American Corp., in its most fantastic operation so far, is selling thousands of acres of water to people who come down to Florida to buy dirt, and is doing so legally, open and aboveboard, at, so help me, $1,000 per acre. Which means these people ought to be awarded some kind of a Nobel Prize for salesmanship.

The stroke of genius behind this selling method is, like most ideas which change history, both simple and complex. Without a GAC around to get things going, most towns grow slowly. A few houses rise near a crossroad, farms spring up in the surrounding areas, stores come to meet local demand and an urban center gradually takes shape. GAC's simple insight was to turn the process around; it has built the center to attract land owners to the outlying areas. The complexity comes in selling outlying parcels of land that also happen to be part of the Big Cypress Swamp.

Big Cypress fills up most of the map between the Everglades and the Gulf of Mexico in the southwestern corner of Florida. And GAC is busy selling plots in the best part of it – either in Golden Gate (the drier section) or Remuda (the wetter section).

The complex part capitalizes on two basic urges in the hearts of men who have lived their lives under the tyranny of a weekly pay envelope: the urge to own land and the urge to invest in something that will grow and make life easier for the children. For an extra, there is the Florida climate as a retirement goal. With all that going inside you, plus a free trip to Florida in the middle of the winter, would you demand to walk on it before you buy it?

Some people do, of course, but the sales genius has tried to take these skeptics into account. When you are flown down from wherever in the wintry world you are living, the plane usually drops to 1,500 feet over the swamp and you are told to look out the window. At 1,500 feet all you can see is the green that grows above the wet, which may or may not contain the parcel which GAC men hope to sell you.

Remuda Ranch Grants is slanted toward the outdoorsman-investor – an experienced outdoorsman and sometimes inexperienced investor. The urban center of Remuda (rhymes with Bermuda) is an extensive complex of facilities appealing to the sportsman – a hunting lodge, skeet range, riding ring, barbecue pit, marina, archery range, campsites and, of course, a trading post. All of which makes it a super private club in the country – or will (the project is considerably behind schedule) – and each "investor" gets "free" membership until 1976 although he must pay as yet undetermined fees for the use of the facilities.

I never belonged to a country club, and this one sounded like the granddaddy of them all, so I drove

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east on the Tamiami Trail about 20 miles out of Naples to look at it. Concrete had been poured for several buildings and one of them had a few roof timbers. Sand had been pumped in and sea walls built around the site for the marina, and a mud road had been pushed through the wet to where the hunting lodge/motel was rising.

People from All Over

Then I drove back along the trail to the East Naples Shopping Center, where GAC has its sales office for Remuda. When my wife and I went in, the place was all action. I counted 27 people, not including children, waiting their turn to go into the back offices and consult with an "investment advisor" before they could buy. They came from many places, but most were families from the northeast, the men in their late thirties or early forties with bodies beginning to show weight, and a look about them that said they had a few dollars laid aside despite all the installment paper they were paying. But there was also a wind-withered lady from Scotland and two couples who were escaping the North Dakota winter for a few days. In all, GAC has sold land to people from 60 countries and every state in the nation, some 123,000 by latest count.

Like me, the waiting room crowd had toured the club site; in addition they had seen some movies and heard some lectures and were already pretty well sold. After I finally convinced one of the pitchmen in dark red jackets that I didn't need the movies, he took us back to see an investment advisor. Each of the dozen or so cubicles we passed on the way to meet the advisor was occupied – husband and wife on one side, advisor on the other, looking at land charts.

The advisor turned out to be a square-built Southerner in his early thirties with a friendly, honest face. He wore a leather thong instead of a necktie, but not a red jacket, and he told us he had worked for the corporation for several years. We got quickly to the main point which had been bothering me – the water – after a discussion of prices. (Minimum tract, 1 1/4 acres; price $1,250; terms, $70 down and $25 per month, 6 percent per annum on the unpaid balance or about five years to pay principal and interest.) He didn't fool around about the water. He talked a bit about investments and the mangrove swamps that had been Miami a century ago, and then showed us a property report which Florida law requires all buyers to see.

This "Property Report of Remuda Ranch Grants" was an impressive document. On page two, you learn that the land is not useful for residential or building purposes and that it is undeveloped, "unsurveyed and without roads, drainage or other improvements." Toward the bottom of the page appears the question: "Is any part of the land covered by water at any time of the year? Answer: Yes, 80 percent." The advisor pointed to this and underlined it with his ballpoint pen, adding, "Quite frankly, Mr. Hunter, I would say that 100 percent is probably closer to the truth." He exploited this display of honesty only to the extent of repeating his pitch about the mangrove swamps on the coasts of Miami and nearby Naples which had made thousands per acre for the men who had converted them into dry land.

Two basic steps are necessary to turn swamp land into dirt land – drain the water and pump in the dirt, in Florida's case usually sand. Drainage in Miami and Naples isn't too difficult, since both are on the ocean front, but I asked the advisor "how can you drain the Big Cypress" which is many miles inland? Eagle (a bird still extant in that part of Florida) Scout that he was, he pointed to 7(c) of the Property Report. If the land is covered by water, "had any provision been made for drainage?" Answer: "No." There didn't seem to be much more to say after that, so we left.

Outside I read the Property Report all the way through and discovered several fascinating details. Item: No provision has been made for filling the land (how can there be, when the fill you pump in comes from the guy who owns the site next door?) Item: The land for sale has not been surveyed in its present package, which means that the new owners will have to go it alone if problems arise. The country club membership doesn't include any such service. (Presently, Naples realtors say that surveying your 1 1/4 acre plot could cost five times the purchase price of $1,250.) And a final item: You put down your money for this land/water and start paying every month and guess what? You don't own it. "The Seller shall not be required to deliver a warranty deed before six years from the date of the contract or upon payment in full, *whichever of these occurs later.*" Not only do they sell you water; they are choosy about when they will let you take title to it.

And about the water part – the Property Report is a bit vague, but it does give hints. Section 7(b): Are any parcels covered during all, or substantially all, times of the year? Answer: Yes. Section 8: ". . . Approximately 80 percent of the land is covered with water." This may mean that 80 percent is under water all the time and the rest of it is under water during the wet season – which runs from May to October. Listen to Mrs. Joe Eyser, who spends her days in the Copeland fire tower about five miles north of the Tamiami Trail, in the southern sector of the Big Cypress and smack in the middle of the Remuda Ranch Grants. After I read the Property Report and learned how wet my theoretical "investment" in Remuda was likely to

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be, I decided to take a look for myself. I drove back down the Tamiami until I got to Route 29, a few miles past the point where the Remuda country club was trying to be born, and headed north. After a couple of miles, we turned left on Scenic Drive, a narrow dirt road which cuts through Remuda from northwest to southeast. I drove down Scenic for several miles, on a raised roadbed with water bottoms on either side for most of the way (January is the height of the dry season in southwest Florida), until I found a place that looked fit to walk on. The surrounding countryside was, of course, totally bereft of human life, but the spot I found had served a few families in the past as a dump. A small side path led to the dump but some 20 paces beyond I was in a bog; 10 more and the "land" was covered with water. I turned back and stopped at Mrs. Eyser's Fire Tower in Copeland, near the start of Scenic Drive.

She keeps this watch every day of the year, Sundays included, so she knows the area well. From the tower, you can see about 10 miles in every direction on a clear day, as this was. What you see is green, tropical and empty – random palm trees, clumps of mangroves and acres of saw grass punctuated by ponds. "Oh everything around here is under water in the rainy season," said Mrs. Eyser when I asked her about the water. "We had 11 inches all around last year and couldn't use the septic tank from June to October."

Sewerage Problem

The Eysers' house is built on a hammock, a Florida word that means high – and mostly dry – land in a region that is regularly wet. In the Eysers' case, it was an artificial hammock, a half-acre mound built by dredging up sand and soil from neighboring areas. From the tower you could also see a wide drainage ditch on the northeast corner of their property. It was deep enough to accommodate large power boats and drained into the canal which follows Route 29 down to the sea, but even that wasn't enough to serve the septic system in the wet season.

Proper sewerage also threatens to be a problem in GAC's drier Big Cypress development, Golden Gate Estates. The Golden Gate complex (GG City, GG Estates and GG Acres) adjoins Remuda to the north. The most polished jewel in this real estate crown is Golden Gate City, which comprises a golf course, country club, restaurant, supermarket, large motels (used to house prospective buyers of other GAC properties) and a couple of hundred houses, most of them inhabited. It lies about nine miles northeast by east of Naples (some 14 by present roads) and is subject to regulation by the Naples Area Zoning Advisory Committee, along with GG Estates and GG Acres. GG Estates is offering five-acre parcels from a 127-square-mile stretch surrounding GG City.

Two years ago the Zoning Advisory Committee benefited by the act of a retired oil executive, who made funds available to pay the salary of a professional city planner, one William R. Vines. On July 26, 1965, Vines drafted a memo to his employers expressing concern over the drainage, sewerage and potable water problems which he thought likely to occur in the development of Golden Gate Estates. He conceded that the shallow coral bedrock underlying the area was probably adequate for five-acre parcels, but he noted with alarm that these tracts were being further subdivided by their new owners to a degree which would require installation of appropriate water and sewage facilities. A visit to Golden Gate City bore out his concern. Even with a fair wind the air was heavy with the odor of sewer gas. The annual sales rate of the Gulf American Corp. now runs around $150 million, not an insignificant sum.

Vines was not rehired the following year. This move was explained as an economy measure – curious in view of the outside funds which had led to the creation of his position. Vines is now doing nicely on his own as an independent consultant.

But despite Naples' failure to make better use of Mr. Vines' experience, land developers appear to be in for closer political scrutiny. New Jersey Democrat Harrison Williams has introduced in the Senate a bill (S 275) which would make interstate sales of land subject to the same sort of controls which regulate stock market sales. In addition to levying penalties for fraudulent advertising, omission of vital facts about the property and misrepresentations by salesmen, the bill would require that the customer be in possession of a proper prospectus describing his proposed purchase for at least 48 hours before the sale can be completed.

The various lobbies opposed to Senator Williams' bill cite many nit-picking reasons why it would destroy the fabric of democracy. But their central argument appears to be that only Wall Street should have to live with such restrictions, and Wall Street is a very special case. The argument might make some sense if only those salesmen didn't keep mumbling about investment every time a buyer raises a question like, "How the devil do I get the water off my land?" As long as GAC keeps calling the fellows who close the deal – the ones who don't wear the red coats – "investment advisors," they are asking to be treated like Wall Street.

What really bugs the lobbyists, of course, is that with 48 hours to think about it, you might decide you should walk on it before you buy it.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Interpreting Miss Sontag*

One critic (R. W. Flint) called Susan Sontag's first novel, *The Benefactor*, "a *Marius the Epicurean* for the 1960's." I concur, although not for Flint's reasons. For me, the resemblance is that Miss Sontag's novel, like *Marius*, is a product of literary and philosophic cultivation, not of art. *The Benefactor* is a skillful amalgam of a number of continental sources in fiction and thought – two of the prominent ones, seemingly, are Hesse and Artaud – and it contains a good deal of well-fashioned writing. A number of its incidental reflections are stimulating; for instance, there are a couple of pages on the film that are as interesting as any film essay of Miss Sontag's that I know. What does not happen in the book is the flash of lightning that changes Frankenstein's construct into a moving creature, monstrous or otherwise, that can terrify, ravish or exhilarate us. It remains a neat knowledgeable construct, reclining on the laboratory table.

But I prefer *The Benefactor* to Miss Sontag's new novel *Death Kit**, which I think has the same central defect without the same virtues of composition. *Death Kit* does not try for a smooth, somnambulistic, "European" texture; it attempts – frequently in jagged fragments – to sear in and out of various levels of consciousness and reality. This second method emphasizes more heavily Miss Sontag's essential lack. Anyone who can write good expository prose and is capable of reflection (like Miss Sontag) can make some minimal effect in a fiction of measured construction. But anguish and terror in the very texture – through an associative, darting, piercing prose – these are possible only to an authentic creator (who may be – often is – weak in intellect). The simplest word denotes the complex requisite: talent. Miss Sontag knows literature but shows, so far, little creative literary talent.

Death Kit is set in New York – city and state. The protagonist is Dalton Harron, called Diddy, a divorcé who, a month before we meet him, has made a suicide attempt. He works in the Manhattan office of a manufacturer of microscopes. On the way to a sales conference upstate, his train stalls in a tunnel. Diddy gets out to investigate, finds a workman clearing an obstruction on the tracks, and in a quarrel kills (or thinks he kills) the workman. He confides his deed to a blind girl (Hester) on the train, who tries to assure him that he did not leave the compartment that he and she and several others share. Partly out of compassion, she then makes love with him in a train washroom.

Hester is going to the same upstate city as Diddy – for an eye operation. Diddy visits her frequently before and after the unsuccessful operation, falls in love with her, then stays on after his conference is finished so that he can be with her until she leaves the hospital. Meanwhile he scours the newspapers for mention of the murder he believes he has committed, but he finds only an account of a workman killed accidentally in the tunnel that day. Diddy visits the man's widow. There is no mention of murder, and since the body has been cremated, Diddy cannot verify his belief.

When Hester is discharged, still blind, Diddy takes her back to New York to live with him, dallies about marrying her (as he had promised her aunt), dallies about getting another job. He has quit the microscope company so he can spend all his time with Hester; he has enough money to keep going for a while. After some weeks with her in his small apartment, he begins, like the hero of *The Benefactor*, to have recurrent dreams. At last he knows what he must do to clear up his life. He returns with Hester to the tunnel upstate. They walk in and find another workman, who resembles the first one, clearing another barrier. Again Diddy fights him – this time because of the man's advances toward Hester – and again murders him. Again, as after the first murder, he makes love to Hester – this time right near the dead man. Then, while Hester sleeps, Diddy climbs (naked) over the barrier and follows the tracks, which soon disappear. He enters a large building whose rooms are filled with coffins and corpses. As the book ends, he momentarily "comes to" in a hospital bed, then lapses back into his fantasy of exploring the charnel house.

The two scenes in the tunnel that bracket the book are the only fantastic episodes; the method of all the rest is largely representational, of external event and of Diddy's thought processes. This sharp disparity between fantasy and realism produces an aesthetic discomfort, not because any academic rule has been breached but because the book's first failure is in its ambition for evocative ambiguity.

Partly this failure is simply one of language. Miss Sontag's prose, trying to pierce or illuminate, is often dull.

> "Diddy, not really alive, had a life. Hardly the same. Some people are their lives. Others, like Diddy, merely inhabit their lives."

> "One is dead. Therefore, one wants to die. Equally one wants to be born."

Trying to be rich, the prose is often merely gassy. Commenting on the shabby upstate railroad station:

> "Isn't there a good deal to be said for keeping a doomed place clean and in decent repair? . . . Especially since nemesis is proving to be somewhat dilatory in paying its anticipated call."

And part of the failure in ambiguity comes from the very barrage of devices portentously intended to create that ambiguity. The hero's nickname is Diddy – *(i.e.,* Did he?). The word "now" always appears in parentheses, and numerous passages throughout the book are indented. These inducements to believe in the novel's complexity

(Continued on page 45)

* *Death Kit*, by Susan Sontag (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.75).

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Pop Goes America — I

by Peter Michelson

My three-and-a-half-year-old daughters have grown extraordinarily fond of a toy clock, which, when wound, plays a popular ballad called, I believe, "My Grandfather's Clock." The girls are pleased by the clock machinery, by its catchy tune, and by its heavy tick-tock rhythm. I, however, cannot get the lyrics of the ballad out of my head. The ticking marks the seconds of the grandfather's life, and though it stood ninety years on the floor, *it stopped short / never to go again / when the old man died.* What merchant-genius transformed that sentimental ballad into a toy giving so much delight? All that makes the ballad pathetic – its theme of death, its celebration of companionship between the old man and the clock, its notion of a sympathetic universe where time stops at man's death – all that has been deleted, so that the toy clock is simply a cute piece of machinery and a fetching tune. It's like having Sanka rather than coffee: 90 percent of the active ingredients have been removed from the bean. The cultural analogue here is willingness to "gut" our ideals for palatability. We turn our sentiments into toys with which to amuse ourselves until it's time to leave the nursery for the real world. Witness the Memorial Day message from the Pentagon: maybe some day men will govern their affairs reasonably, but it has never happened yet, so we better keep shooting. We have even got to the point of sugar coating our candy, so that we can have chocolate taste without chocolate mess! But ideals do have consequences.

America has always seen itself as a paradise regained, and it is our chauvinistic insistence on this point that turns our ideals to parodic and lifeless images of themselves. That is the price for turning religion into political propaganda. We insist that we have provided what we promised – God's grace and God's plenty. So, painting one cheek black and the other yellow, we put on a pair of white gloves, get down on one knee, throw open our arms, and sing "America the Beautiful" to Stokeley Carmichael and Ho Chi Minh. They are, quite reasonably, unimpressed. It behooves them to know the difference between an idealist and a sentimentalist. Historically our isolation and our self-consciousness have made that distinction nearly impossible. As early as 1616 the famous Captain John Smith stamped on us an image, a mythology, and a style to which we have been bearing witness ever since:

> "Who can desire more content, that hath small meanes; or but only his merit to advance his fortunes, then to tread and plant that ground he hath purchased by the hazard of his life? If we have but the taste of virtue and magnanimity, what to such a minde can be more pleasant, then planting and building a foundation for his Posteritie, gotte from the rude earth, by Gods blessing and his owne industry without prejudice to any? If hee have any graine of faith or zeale in Religion, what can hee doe lesse hurtfull to any: or more agreeable to God, then to seeke to convert those poore Salvages to know Christ, and humanitie, whose labours with discretion will triple requite thy charge and paines? What so truely suites with honour and honestie, as the discovering things unknowne? erecting Townes, peopling Countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things unjust, teaching virtue; . . . finde imployment for those that are idle, because they know not what to doe: so farre from wronging any, as to cause posterity to remember thee; and remembering thee, ever honour that remembrance with praise?"

Here is the stuff of our America-first vocabulary – our chauvinistic celebrations of democracy, property, empire builders, moral superiority, religious mission, world reform, and the hammerhead work ethic. And the irony is that Smith himself is transfixed by his own rhetoric. What begins as an enticement for colonizers becomes moral apology, national prophecy, and religious liturgy. From the beginning, then, we have had Right, Destiny, and God on our side. And from the beginning our ideals have been vitiated by the sentimental rhetoric with which we articulated them. At the conclusion to his first inaugural address, Thomas Jefferson called somewhat casually upon "that infinite power which rules the destinies of the universe" to council what was best. But in his second inaugural address, after four years of suffering the popular mind, he found it necessary to invoke "that Being in whose hands we are, who led our forefathers, as Israel of old, from their native land, and planted them in a country flowing with all the necessaries and comforts of life; who has covered our infancy with his providence, and our riper years with his wisdom and power. . . ." We have had, and still have, an impulse to sublimate or otherwise falsify our simple, honest, and worthy cultural goals – democratic government and human dignity. Our need to see ourselves as a chosen people is a sign of our cultural sentimentality.

Sentimentality is not unique to America, but Americans are unique in knowing that simply by being American they are morally superior, historically inevitable and divinely graced. This state of mind has its consequences.

COMING

The Great McLuhan Game

by Richard Gilman

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We have an unblinking confidence in the rightness of our values and our self image. And our popular media, the dealers in images (*e.g.* "Combat"), keep reflecting back to us what we want to see. Thus we are reassured. Thus we become morally absurd. Thus, while love, charity, and mercy, are Christian ideals, war is a circumstance making these ideals impossible. But we profess, nevertheless, to be Christians while making war, for we suppose that the reasons for making war are *also* idealistic. We are therefore in the position of invoking two sets of mutually exclusive morals. We are simultaneously authorized to act and not to act by the same values. Our actions are thus dissociated from the authority of our ideals, and we are in a morally absurd position.

By rhetorically obscuring the responsibility to act according to our values – *i.e.* by dissociating action from meaning – we turn our moral image into a parody of itself, and a sentimentality. The moral sentimentality of our popular image is well illustrated by one of the profile-in-courage allegories on television, called "I Spy." It demonstrates that racial integration can be fun and that American virility is American and virile. It features two All-American spy types. The white one (Robert Culp) is the tennis star player-spy, and the Negro one (Bill Cosby) is the star player's trainer-spy. Apparently that arrangement pleases whites because Uncle Tom is still a servant, and the NAACP is satisfied because both races get the same salary and accommodations. There is also a more subtle touch. The Negro (called Scotty, believe it or not) never gets any sex. In one episode, while the star player-spy strolled off to romp in the hay with a nifty blonde, the Negro servant-spy had to content himself with a surfeit of oriental chicks, who kept him busy with a 21-course Chinese dinner. Anyway they are both swingers. And they are witty, and handsome, and tough. But human, too, because once in a while they make a mistake. Above all, however, they are men of feeling, men of noble and American sentiment.

In one episode, for instance, Scotty has brought a Negro friend into the "department" who has subsequently, however, washed out of a "cadre" of seven men trained to detect underground nuclear explosions. Five of the remaining six have been assassinated, and the wash-out is naturally suspect. But Scotty's friend turns out to be a good guy who is framed by number six – the real assassin and a spy for "the other side." Not only is he framed for the murders but his beauteous sister (Nancy Wilson), fruitlessly but nevertheless much beloved by Scotty, is coerced into being a courier for number six, the wicked spy. Well, the plot unravels this sordid situation, and finally Scotty confronts number six hand to hand. He has taken a pistol away from him – a trick apparently unknown to the other side – but naturally he can't use that. So, after turn and counterturn, he has the wretch in classic thrall position, forearm shiver under the chin, knee in the groin, and the enemy thus backed precariously over a bottomless pit. "Talk," the hero says, his voice quaking with righteous wrath, "you killed the whole cadre." (The script is for some reason obsessed with the dead men being a "whole cadre.") The villain talks, because ostensibly if he doesn't he will be flung into the bottomless pit. So he tells all. And to make sure he does Scotty presses him closer and closer to his doom. "Do it," our hearts screech impulsively. "Throw the sonuvabitch in the pit!" But the traitor, that insidious jackal, has, *deus ex scribblerus*, his trump. "She's a traitor, Scotty, a *traitor*. She carries messages for me!" he wheezes, and his eyes shine with the evil triumph of emasculation, "You won't do it, Scotty, not you, *not you*." Impaled on this epiphany of deflowered American purity (so powerful is this sentimentality that we even forget the hero and the girl are black) the hero hangs his impotent head. He is reduced to hauling the snakey villain off to the bar of justice.

Our tough spies – unlike those of the enemy – are really God-fearing, law abiding, sentimental lovers; Americanized picaros, they too dream of a house with a white picket fence. That idea so satisfies us that we are no more disturbed by the sentimental domestication of nature than we are by its dramatic inconsistency (why should the otherwise cool villain confess and thus seal his doom when he knows, as all villains must, that American good guys are too "humane" to kill them without a trial?). This idealization of impotence is an abuse of sentiment so threatening to knowledge of human nature that a good deal of contemporary art is given over to a denial of our sentimentalized cultural morality.

This sort of self-aggrandizement perhaps comes out of the current need to shore up our image against the international hostility and disillusionment with America which we exercise in phrases like "atheistic communism" or "the other side." The current popularity of the international intrigue melodrama seems to come out of the cold war tensions. But there is an older tradition for sentimental American imagery which is perhaps best represented in the productions of Walt Disney. If the spy story focuses on the stuff our men are made of, the older tradition focuses on the source of that strength, America the beautiful. The spy story honors America having come of age. The more traditional sentimental allegory reveals the secret of America's coming of age – having God's grace manifest in the gift of this idyllic natural garden, in the first place, and then having the wisdom to be instructed by those wise natural parables that every common man (*e.g.* Daniel Boone) may see for himself.

For Disney, nature is a glorious synthesis of James Thomson and the McGuffey Reader, of 18th-century optimism and 19th-century nostalgia.

And, like both the 18th and 19th centuries, he prefers animals before men. His good guys are either animals or men living in the jaws of nature, more kindly brutes than men – *e.g.* the seven dwarfs. And there is a corresponding hierarchy among animals. Bambi is good; hunting dogs are evil. Life is that simple.

A recent Disney television film tells the story of a fox surviving a new environment (or frontier) and in the process instructing a farmer in the virtues of mercy and charity and delivering him from the vice of avarice. The fox becomes a kind of domesticated Western hero who survives the rigors of his

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frontier (the farmer's land), meets his true love, gets a family, and moves off into the setting sun. The slick thing here is the sentimental transcendence of natural selection. It is in fact a restatement of the fittest surviving, but all sense of naturalistic anxiety is sublimated into beautiful imagery and pious moralism to make it the survival of the cutest. There is a hunt, for instance. True to Disney's sense of grand cliché, however, the fox – the hunted, the underdog – is always smarter than those hunting him. Not only smarter, as it turns out, but also morally superior. And when the fox becomes the hunter, he too is outsmarted. We focus closely on a mouse – a flash symbol of the underdog – outwitting the fox to escape, while the camera zooms away from and abstracts the fox's successful catch of a goose. Thus death, the ultimate anxiety and failure, is transcended. It is suffused in the sentimental melodrama of life. We are taken from a fearful to a loving universe.

Disney's moral imagination however, really comes on in his dramatization of the fox's moral virtue. There is a climactic mystery episode, a moral whodunnit. The farmer's chickens are being stolen and eaten. Naturally the finger of suspicion points to the fox, and an all-out hunt is begun. If the fox is guilty of this – we are told of the farmer that he "earned all he had by his own sweat and calluses" – it is a grievous breach of natural harmony (not to mention the American virtues of ambition and fair play). To this point the farmer has been hunting the fox for his pelt (avarice), but if the fox is guilty, if he has betrayed the natural balance, then the farmer may hunt him in the name of justice. But of course the fox is innocent; the mystery is resolved when we discover with the farmer that his own hound has been the chicken thief. This disclosure brings the appropriate recognition and reversal. The farmer sees his error and his moral guilt (avarice); in the nick of time he rescues the fox from the hound, benevolently punishes the hound, and leaves fox and family to live happily ever after. Thus, man and hound are reformed and reconciled through a moral lesson given by the fox, and this winsome hero moves on

A look inside China's "smoke-filled rooms"

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to a new frontier. This is the pattern of the sentimental Western romance. It is at the heart of American mythology. It is shot through with nostalgia for the happy time prior to man's corruption, to which we can return if we will be instructed by the natural laws of the land God gave us.

Characteristically, a very minimum of patience will reward one with ever new signs of our absurd – if not vicious – sentimentalizing. A short feature carried by the UPI wire service and printed across the country in daily papers at least as obscure as *The South Bend Tribune* (back home in Indiana) is almost paradigmatic. "A dog," it begins, "isn't always the Viet Cong's best friend." With admirable restraint it leaves unmolested the implication – already believed as an article of faith by most of its readers anyway – that the Viet Cong are not only not men but a good deal beneath the beasts. A pilot (a Major Harrison from Kansas) spotted a dog going directly to a clump of trees in guerrilla area. Then, the story concludes in its blithe amusement, "Harrison dipped his plane and dumped a smoke rocket into the trees. Out ran nine Viet Cong and the dog. Harrison called in Air Force jets. They strafed and killed the nine Viet Cong. *Harrison said the dog escaped unharmed.*" Those, I hope it suffices to say, are my italics.

Mr. Michelson's essay will be concluded next week.

The Call of The Lake

by Andrei Voznesensky

This poem describes a place which, like Babi Yar, was the site of a massacre by the Nazis in World War II. The names – some Jewish and some non-Jewish – preceding the poem, and at the end, are evidently those of a few of the victims. The poem makes clear that this mass grave is now covered by a lake where people go boating and fishing.

To the memory of the victims of fascism

PEVSNER 1903, SERGEEV 1934, LEBEDEV 1916, BIRMAN 1938,
BIRMAN 1941, DROBOT 1907 . . .

As if our sneakers froze to the ground . . .
Stillness.
Ghetto in the lake. Ghetto in the lake.
Three bottom acres teeming with life.

A fellow in a pea-green jacket
hails us with news the fishing's good;
but look at the blood
on his tiny hook,
blood!

"No! No!" – says Volodka –
"I want to smack him on the jaw;
it's really more
than I can bear.

"It would be desecrating life
to wash myself in this place,
like smearing Mary or Moishe
over my face.

"Your boat is muddying the lake.
Don't, buddy.
Just touch the water with your palm,
feel how it burns!

"Hands that dissolve below
could belong to my bride –
not some girl who lived long ago –
her breasts, her hair, her need.

"And the body of her warmth
that loved to sit on my knees
could be slapping in a pail
amid the market crowds . . .

"No! No!" – says Volodka –
"on these iron nights,
as soon as I close my eyes,
women sputter and dance
like fish in a frying pan!"

He's been on a three-day binge.
And at night he calls from the cliff.
And to him
A Jewfish
appears,
The Genius of the Lake!

"Fish,
flying fish,
with wrathful madonna's face,
with fins as white
as locomotive whistles,
fish,
"Your name was Riva,
golden Riva,
Rivka – any name you wish –
with a sliver
of barbed wire or a fish-hook
caught in your upper lip – fish,
fish of pain and sorrow –
forgive me, curse me, but speak to me . . ."
Silence.
No word.
The lake is close to the border.
Three pines.
The stunned reservoir
of life, of a cloud, of height.

LEBEDEV 1916, BIRMAN 1941, RUMER 1902, BOIKO
(twice) 1933.

TRANSLATED BY STANLEY KUNITZ
IN COLLABORATION WITH VERA DUNHAM

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The Desert Within

by Theodore Solotaroff

Paul Bowles is known mainly for two books – *The Sheltering Sky* and *The Delicate Prey* – both of which appeared in the early years after the war and immediately established him as one of the best of the new crop of writers. Trained as a composer and influenced by the French symbolists and surrealists, Bowles came on the scene as a fully developed artist who was looking

The Time of Friendship
by Paul Bowles
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $4.95)

to revive the modernist movement. This movement had noticeably declined in America during the political and social fervors of the 1930's and during the gigantic public effort of World War II; but in the years immediately thereafter, the splendors and miseries of the avant-garde imagination, and its master theme of alienation, began to find a fertile cultural ground in the moral wastelands left by the war.

Though the public mood during the late '40s was robust, sanguine, expansive, full of the sense of new and heightened possibilities, the literature of this period reflected a profound unease and dismay about the human situation. While the suburbs began to boom and the universities to hum with the citizens of a brave new world, the mood of the literature turned bitterly grim, if not horrific. The younger American writers coming on the scene – Bowles, Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Tennessee Williams, Saul Bellow, Truman Capote, Vance Bourjaily, William Styron, Norman Mailer, James Baldwin, Ralph Ellison, *et al*, were specialists in loneliness, anxiety, hatred, and terror, while the older writers who mattered most – such as Hemingway, Faulkner, Eliot, Nathanael West –were the prophets of the broken moral order. In short, it was the writers – "again the antennae of the race," in Pound's phrase – who detected the nihilistic malaise left by the destructive energies of World War II and that the nuclear age and the cold war were to keep active and poisonous. Looking back today from the vantage point of our horrible adventure in Vietnam, one of the more salient legacies of the mentality of "massive retaliation," one can see how accurately these detections were, how ominous the prophecies, say, of *The Naked and the Dead* are proving to be.

Of the writers who devoted themselves to negation and despair, Bowles was probably the most subtle as well as the most uncompromising. The stories in *A Delicate Prey* with their lucid, quiet evocation of mood and motive leading to revelations of scarifying depravity were often so powerful that they made the nihilism of the early Hemingway seem like a pleasant beery melancholy. The title story, for example, deserves to live forever in the annals of human cunning and cruelty: a tale of a desert predator and tribal fanatic who wins the confidence of three brothers traveling in a caravan, murders the two older ones after conning them into a hunt, and then, intoxicated with hashish ("carried along on its hot fumes, a man can escape very far from the world of meaning"), wounds, mutilates, rapes, and finally after many hours, kills the youngest brother. The emotional current of the story is provided by the boy's innocence which leads him to distrust his suspicions of the Moungari's treachery; distracted by the lusts and self-consciousness of youth, he is the human equivalent of the desert gazelles, the "delicate prey" that were to be hunted down. The tale concludes with the detection of the murderer whom the police turn over to the tribesmen of the three brothers. They calmly bury him up to his neck in the desert sands "to wait through the cold hours for the sun that would bring first warmth, then heat, thirst, fire, visions. The next night he did not know where he was, did not feel the cold. The wind blew dust along the ground and into his mouth as he sang."

Virtually all of the stories in *A Delicate Prey* take place in a primitive setting, usually either Central America or North Africa. The jungle and more notably the desert, the place where "all philosophical systems collapse," as a French colonial officer puts it, have provided Bowles with a natural background for narratives that are intended to crack open the standard models of reality and morality and to reveal the demonic sources of human conduct. The destructive element in which Bowles immerses his tightlaced and empty pilgrims from the modern world takes many forms: there is the incredible brutality of the Reguiba bandits who quickly reduce an anthropologist, led to them by a spiteful native guide, to a state of catatonic terror in which he functions as a kind of tribal pet; but there is also the encompassing languor of a Caribbean island into which a retired professor sinks so far that he sends his teen-age son away to a life of sybaritic perversion rather than be disturbed by his scandalous behavior.

Though most of these stories in *A Delicate Prey* still make one feel they were written with a razor, so deftly and chillingly do they cut to the bone, there was clearly more to Bowles than the desire to shock, dismay and terrorize. "Pastor Dowe at Tacate," for example, is a profoundly ironic comment on the white man's burden, a kind of "Heart of Darkness" in miniature, in which a prim missionary finds himself sliding from Christian rationality into atavism, until he finally is faced with the necessity of taking an eight-year-old girl for his wife and literally runs away in terror from the Indian village.

The abysses and furies of the human psyche; the fragile, provisional nature

Notes on Contributors

Peter Michelson *is on the English faculty of Notre Dame University.* Andrei Voznesensky, *the Soviet poet, is again under a cloud. His poems are from* Antiworlds and "The Fifth Ace," *edited by Max Hayward and Patricia Blake, just published by Basic Books and Doubleday-Anchor.* Theodore Solotaroff *is the editor of* The New American Review. Hubert Will *is a US District Judge.* Jed Linde *is an American writer who has lived in Mexico for several years.*

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of the civilized instincts; the lure of the primitive and the inhuman; the sadness of deracinated people; the underground warfare of marriage and friendship; the lonely divisions between desire and behavior, between having and holding, between one hand and the other hand; the modern world's contagions of angst, dread, deadness: all these strains of the existentialist vision are dramatically presented in Bowles' earlier work and come to a classic statement in his novel, *The Sheltering Sky*, one of the most beautifully written novels of the past twenty years and one of the most shattering.

Bowles is not the philosopher that Sartre or Camus were, but he is an existentialist to his fingertips, and beside the emotional concreteness of *The Sheltering Sky*, books like *Nausea*, *The Age of Reason*, or *The Stranger* seem vague, arbitrary, imaginatively barren. Bowles' novel is a study of two American travelers, Kit and Port Moresby, and of the subtle processes between and within them that carry each to his destructive self-fulfillment in the North African desert. The epigraph of the book is Eduard Mallea's observation that "Each man's destiny is personal only insofar as it may happen to resemble what is already in his memory," the point of which is richly developed in the unfolding of Port's isolate values, his yearning to exist outside of the human community, to experience the mysteries of nothingness, which has brought him to the desert and which culminates in a series of terrible voyages into the beyond that he makes during the final stages of a fatal attack of typhoid fever. His wife, who is afflicted by a sense of dread that wars with her considerable intelligence, finally achieves the utter submissiveness she craves by falling into the hands of a young Arab merchant and undergoing a sexual enslavement that eventually drives her into madness. These parallel lines of fate, of two people consumed in accidents that minister to their deepest wishes, are drawn with a fineness and density of specification that makes the novel anything but schematic. Bowles has much the same feeling for the delicate tangibilities of character that D. H. Lawrence did and much the same powerful ability to establish the atmosphere of physical reality that reveals and conditions behavior: the squalid, sagging accoutrements of colonialism in a desert hotel; the fragments of mystery in a street wind at dusk that carries "the smell of lilies, drains, and hashish smoke"; the piles of garbage in a broken-down patio amid which lie naked scrofulous infants and pink dogs, their hairless, raw skin "indecently exposed to the kisses of the flies and the sun"; and preeminently the desert itself, with its spectacular negation of everything human except for the arid, howling void within.

In retrospect, *The Sheltering Sky* stands as the climax of Bowles' literary career: the book into which he put his strongest image of life and his deepest knowledge about it. This image and knowledge admit of little expansion. For if, as Port says, contemplating the only book he might have written, the one absolute truth for him is that "the difference between something and nothing is nothing" and that the only interest is "in all the complicated processes that make it possible to get that result," then the novelist is doomed to rework the algebra of nihilism until he grows weary of the problem. Indeed, this has been one of the burdens of modernism, and the literary landscape of the 20th century is littered with the abandoned careers of writers who ran into the sands of alienation and found themselves unable to go on. And in recent times, fewer and fewer novelists seem able to maintain the kind of steady on-going *oeuvre*, the diversity of subject, the expansion of consciousness that once characterized the novelist's vocation.

Be that as it may, Bowles' fiction since *The Sheltering Sky* has been desultory and uneven. His most recent novel, *Up Above the World*, is a sort of psychological thriller; visually effective, as always, but thin in characterization and theme, its craft seems more appropriate to a good movie than a novel. *The Time of Friendship* brings together his first collection of stories in more than twenty years. Most of them are effective, several are memorable, but only one seems to me to break fresh ground. This is the long title story in which Bowles abandons his rather static view of primitivism, and moves beyond his somewhat fatigued fascination with its timeless mysteries and perversities, to write about post-colonial Algeria.

"The Time of Friendship" is a poignant account of the deepening relationship between Fraulein Windling, a Swiss schoolteacher, who lives part of each year in a desert village, and an adolescent Arab boy. The teacher is not one of Bowles' world-besotted travelers, nor is the desert any longer the burning, silent center of negative truth to which she makes her confused and final way. She is a sensible, resourceful spinster and the oasis village is a place where people live from day to day and somehow make do with the earth, grass, palmwood, and animal skins that comprise their economy. As for herself, the desert is a healthy environment which strengthens her "resistance" to the civilized world's slow stain and each year puts her "in touch with life again." She is enamored of the ancient ways of the village and regards the rebellion going on in the north as part of the modern "virus of discontent," from which she hopes the village will be

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spared. Slimane, the Arab she comes to befriend, is not a cunning demon who will eventually betray or rape her, but rather a simple, soulful boy who is devoted to her. Several years pass, during which their only conflict is whether Christ was a Moslem; stymied by his obduracy on this one issue, she tactfully resolves to teach him something about Christianity by building a crêche for Christmas. But to her dismay, she finds him eating the figures intricately made of chocolate, raisins, and nuts when she briefly leaves him alone with the crêche. Slimane is impassive about his offense – he had gone without dinner – and his mentor comes to realize that he was right to do so. "This is the desert. . . . Here food is not an adornment; it is meant to be eaten." As for her Christian zeal, "It had been too much head and high ideals,' she reflected, 'and not enough heart'." The next day the French official in the village orders her to leave Algeria because of the war. Slimane accompanies her to the town where she will take the train to the coast. The trip to Colomb-Bechar is her chance to say goodbye to him; but she discovers that it is his chance to leave the oasis, live in a city, and fight against the French. While she was packing, Fraulein Windling had gotten a splinter under her nail; the story ends with her thinking of Slimane's fate, while her wound throbs away.

The story is as complex in the telling as any Bowles has written; what is so strange and moving is its benignity. What it portends for his future work, I don't profess to know. But it's good to find him writing a tender story and one which strengthens his grip on contemporary experience. Perhaps the world is moving too fast for even his nihilism to have the last word. It's nice to think so.

From a Transcarpathian Diary

by Andrei Voznesensky

I served in the regimental newspaper.
It's a question whether I was of any use.
I edited the correspondence column
and read the proofs
All sorts of people were inspired
to send stuff in –
(graphomaniacs, soldiers, girlfriends
and that old quartermastersergeant
Nravouchátov, retired).
Painstakingly I read every word they scrawled.
I was in a writing mood. We went on manoeuvres.
The days flew by.
I managed some lines on Shevchenko.[1]
They were published. This is the way they go:

Running the Gauntlet
And Taras has a terrible dream.
A hunk of howling meat,
through the crowds, the streets,
the distorted faces,
through life, to the drums' beat,
through the gauntlet, he runs, he runs!
And the mob bellows at his heels:
"Citizens, lay it on! – or you'll be next in line!"

He feels the blows on his back.
A hand on the right flank beats with a will.
His friends beg pardon in an eager voice:
"It's either you or us. We don't have any choice."

Blockhead, why do you strike at me?
Because of the pain you have endured!
Your wife has borne you a dubious child.
You're up to the ears in debt. And life is hard.

And why do you do it, bloated Tsar?
For the faith, or the Fatherland, or such?
Is it because you drink too much
And can't cope with the country any more?

And you, aesthete, sulker in the salons,
(Stick-man, with one hand free to thumb your nose)
Why have you joined the bullies' team?
Is it because I dared what you dare not dream?"

And Taras cries out of his sleep,
"I understand your scars. Poor fools,
you will never forgive me for what you are:
ungifted, small, pathetic souls.
Let it go howling through the snow
like the heart of my wounded country,
beaten and stuck with splinters: –
the fleshy
pulp
of my back!

"The crippled victims of an age
avenge on me their creature-pain.
I love you people, and forgive you.
You, age, I do not forgive.
But someday, I believe . . . "

A kick. A boot hits his face.
Reveille.

TRANSLATED BY STANLEY KUNITZ
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[1] Taras Shevchenko (1814-61): the great Ukrainian poet who described, in some of his works, the suffering of the peasantry under the Tsar. He was arrested in 1847 as a member of a secret revolutionary society and sent away to serve as an army private.

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The Urban Condition Modified

by Frederick Gutheim

Edmund N. Bacon speaks for the city as a work of art. The author is our most eminent city planner. He has been director of the Philadelphia city planning commission for 18 years and has served under three different mayors. Most of the important things that have happened to city planning in this country, it is often correctly asserted, but always with an air of surprising paradox, have taken place in Philadelphia. While some might attribute that to the city's charter, it is likelier the man responsible is Bacon. If he speaks too much of Philadelphia, and he does, it is at least with authority. He has enjoyed a well-noticed career. He has been portrayed on the cover of *Time*, and has had the more cherished professional distinction of presenting his Philadelphia accomplishment to the assembled members of the American Institute of Architects and having it acclaimed with a thunderous ovation. Among city planners Bacon is an iconoclast, and unlike most of them, he is an architect and a designer, and one who knows how to get the most from architects and designers. He is also a Philadelphia gentleman, with a refreshing sense of commitment to his city.

Design of Cities
by Edmund N. Bacon
(Viking; $15)

The genesis of Bacon's book might be thought to be the darkened room where slides are projected upon a screen. Its text is broken into short sections, each carefully related to the accompanying illustrations. When the slide changes, or the page is turned, a new idea is launched. There is system but not continuity. The author's words are received as compressed, authoritative pronouncements, and there are some nasty arid patches when one yearns for some question to be raised, at least in the author's mind, or for some recognition that the issue is debatable.

This piecemeal organization, however, is well suited to the material, much of which illustrates the world's accomplishment in civic design. Athens, Delos, Priene, Camiros; the Rome of Hadrian and of Sixtus V; the squares of medieval Italian hill towns; Renaissance Florence and Venice; characteristic Dutch cities of the Reformation like Culemborg, Zaltbommel and Wijkbij-Duurstede; the civic art of 18th-century France and Britain; the beginnings of urban design in Savannah, Philadelphia, Williamsburg and Washington. Within these divisions orthodoxy further dictates the choice of cities like Bath or Nancy. The heroes are Michaelangelo, LeNôtre and LeCorbusier. The modern accomplishments are postwar Rotterdam, Stockholm, Brazilia and Chandigarh.

What emerges is a strong statement of goals for the physical design and appearance of cities, and some original insight into planning method. If a city is to command loyalty and affection, design clarifies its form and thus is a key to its identity. Design further structures the life of the city, establishes its connections, determines its scale, modifies its confrontations, shapes its policy. To ignore the physical design of the city is to risk not solving all of its problems. Yet cities are doing that by failing to use urban renewal, highway building and other large-scale physical changes for more than their limited objectives in order to build their future character, stamped with contemporary values, technologies, life styles and perceptions. That great cities of other times are a means to understanding our own potentialities is Bacon's theme. The religious procession, the military parade, the civic ceremony or the autocratic display all found expression in Renaissance and baroque cities and were themselves changed from what these activities had been in medieval times. This interaction of urban life and forms is the theme of *Design of Cities*.

In the constantly evolving structure of cities, and its increments of urban design, Bacon believes he has found an exact analogue to the endless experimentation of the artist Paul Klee, in which "each creation embodies a hypothesis that in being realized pictorially opens the way to a new hypothesis." Contrasting the weightier urban fabric with the almost ephemeral sketches of Klee becomes dynamic and exciting. It reminds us that the city of steel, concrete and glass begins on paper, itself an idea. This juxtaposition invigorates the entire book, not least because of the recent availability of a very large body of Klee's work in exhibitions at the Guggenheim Museum, forthcoming exhibits at the Pasadena Art Museum and elsewhere, and other contemporary shows in commercial galleries. Bacon's presentation of Klee's design research draws more on its systematic exposition in *Paul Klee: The Thinking Eye*, carefully put together by Jurg Spiller and translated by Ralph Manheim (Wittenborn, 1961). Here one finds Klee's theories of art as offered to his students at the Bauhaus, in a strong architectural and urbanistic context, and in the Bauhaus spirit of rationalist utopianism.

Harold Rosenberg has recently listed some of the contemporary objections to Klee based on the metaphysical aim of his art, its apparent formula-making and stereotypes, his philosophizing, teaching and writing, and, finally, the small size of his characteristic works. (While serving as a finance clerk in the army, Klee was able to paint surreptitiously in a desk drawer!) Yet it was precisely these characteristics which brought Klee to grips with modern times, and obliged him to create a new aesthetic of motion and change. With relevance to city design he wrote, "In the work of art paths are made for the eye of the beholder which moves along from patch to patch like an animal grazing. . . ." Klee's leading quotation in *The Thinking Eye* is, "Ingres is said to have created an aesthetic order out of rest; I should like to create an order from feeling and, going still further, from motion." (1914) To which Bacon replies, "Together these two elements, the architecture of movement and the architecture of repose, make up the city as a work of art. The product of city-design can be experienced by anyone, without qualification, on an equal basis. It could become a great democratic statement of the life we share in common."

Because Klee has suffered from earlier

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critics, some explanation is needed to show just what Bacon has found so important in his work and why it is relevant.

The superficial evaluation of Klee in pictorial terms has accepted its irrationality but overlooked its hard theoretical core. Giulio Carlo Argan has explained that when Nazism overwhelmed the rationalist utopianism of the Bauhaus, Klee continued to teach there in the belief that "his idea of a rationality without formulas, rooted in experience and aimed at redeeming the shapeless contents of the unconscious, could still survive, perhaps might be used as a . . . weapon against the outbreak of violent political irrationalism."

It is not necessary to enter upon a full examination of Klee's work in order to see what parts of it are supremely relevant to the design of cities. What is the urban designer to make of the dictates of urban projection as spewed from some computer? Klee has written, "You have to take care not to write the law simply and unimaginatively by itself but to put yourself in motion round the law." Of all contemporary artists Klee seems most interested in social problems. His association with the Bauhaus was significant not just for architecture but industrial design, graphic art and other elements of the urban environment. Further, in the relationship between the urban designer and the citizens Klee provides a concern for the spectator which is rare in contemporary art.

Hence for Bacon, urban design is not a static conception but an act. His key figure is Pope Sixtus V, who in a brief, decisive act, organized the pilgrim's itinerary to Roman churches which created a series of environmental specifications that endured for more than two centuries to direct the design and redesign of buildings, approaches, and most of all, spaces through which people moved, and thus the creation of modern Rome. Modern cities must have not simply such an imperative statement of aims but an equally strategic means of giving them expression in urban design. Once this means has been found, the work of the designer becomes explicit. Without it he flounders. When it has waned, the designs to which it gave life become as sea-

Remedios Guanzon. Father dead. Mother blind.

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shells or other organic forms evolved to suit some condition of life, but from which life has departed.

While everyone is familiar with the administrative aspects of city planning, subdivision control, zoning and other land use management activities, and many cities have now embraced the capital budget technique of coordinating municipal programs which Philadelphia pioneered, almost no other city has ventured upon the thin ice of urban design. To do so involves the most difficult questions of goals and methods. It is with these that Bacon's book is concerned, and at its very beginning the author asserts, "Recent events in Philadelphia have proved incontrovertibly that, given a clear vision of a design idea', the multiplicity of wills that constitute our contemporary democratic process can coalesce into positive, unified action on a scale large enough to change substantially the character of a city." The process described is furthermore an alternative to the mindless projection of past trends to which Bacon believes cities have too often surrendered.

Perhaps we must ask in what way Philadelphia is different or better than it was 18 years ago. It has the same old slums and smells, the dusty square miles of 250,000 brick row houses, the narrow historic streets with their rushing traffic. The increasing Negro population of the city is surrounded by the unresolved separatism of its ascendant white suburbs. In more sharply limited aspects, the natural beauty of lower Fairmont Park is invaded by the Schuylkill Expressway; the architectural mediocrity of new apartment houses clusters around the Pennsylvania Museum; office buildings clutter the district south of City Hall; and everywhere has appeared the spreading scrofula of open parking lots, tinny motels, gas stations and other paraphernalia of motordom. These illustrations of urban failure, rampant from coast to coast have not been contained or redirected in Philadelphia. Closer to its self-determined focus one examines the two planning accomplishments for which Philadelphia has claimed most: the redevelopment of multi-level Penn Center west of City Hall on the site of the old "Chinese Wall" of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and Society Hill, the historic and residential area east of Washington Square to the Delaware River. Although each contains individual buildings of merit, and involves important urban design concepts, it is still hard to see in either one the basis for a major breakthrough to achieve a distinctive new form for the contemporary American city. That still seems likely to be more the product of evolution toward some essentially irrational – but not accidental – decentralized pattern like Los Angeles than of deliberate design.

With all the nit-picking that Bacon's charismatic dogmatism will inspire, this book must be accepted as the major contemporary work on urban design. Of first importance is his instinct for the grand stategy, for the critical elements and projects which contain the seeds of fulfillment of larger designs. (This insight is being carried further today by another Philadelphian, the architect Robert Venturi, whose recent essay *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture*, published by the Museum of Modern Art, has described in more architectural terms the repercussions between the designs of individual buildings.) One accepts provisionally the political philosophy of design "feedback" in which the democratic veto is enlarged into a positive design directive: this is likely to be true only when the local community involved has access to the same kind of professional and technical services. Certainly the political strength of a design and its acceptability to political leaders is greatly enhanced when it has been subjected to a sort of referendum and won such community acceptance. More dubious is the claim that architects in private practice can contribute strongly to urban design in the role Bacon assigns them. In fact, none of the Philadelphia architects has been given full professional responsibility; they have been used – one could almost say used up – but control has remained in the planning director's hands. Finally, major doubts should be registered that the view of the planning process as detailed here will have much relevance outside of Philadelphia, or even that it is a fair description of how it works there.

Yet this is a book of sharply perceived experiences, splendidly presented, filled with thoughtful and brilliant intuitive insights rather than sustained study and analysis – an intensely personal book. As much as anything I know, it is likely to win back the lost contribution of architecture to our cities.

Crime and Coverage

by Hubert L. Will

As with the weather, everybody is talking about the necessity for achieving a rational accommodation between the constitutional guarantees of a free press and a fair trial but very little is being done about it. *Crime and Publicity*, the latest and longest discussion, while it contains little that hasn't been said before, has the virtue of assembling between two covers most, though not all, of the basic issues involved. As a result, it is replete with "on the one hand" and "on the other hand" discussions of the nature of the problem and the various suggestions which have been proposed to deal with it.

Crime and Publicity
by Alfred Friendly
and Ronald Goldfarb
(20th-Century Fund; $5)

The dialogue on the subject and Messrs. Friendly and Goldfarb's contribution to it are, I believe, all to the good. For, unlike the weather, something can be done about crime and publicity and there are hopeful signs that the action phase is slowly getting under way. As the authors contend it should, progress is primarily being made by judges, prosecutors, defense lawyers, and law enforcement officials who are putting their own houses in order and limiting their disclosures of potentially prejudicial information, comment or opinion so that it is not available for publication or broadcast. In addition, as the Supreme Court has

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urged, judges are utilizing the various filtering and sanitizing procedures available to them more frequently and more effectively. These include postponements of trials, transfers to other places, sequestering of juries during trials – all expensive and inconvenient devices which will continue to be necessary absent any restraint by the press in its reporting of prejudicial information.

These steps by the judiciary and law enforcement officials are being met, as the authors predict they will be, by vigorous press opposition. Yet there is no substantive reason why they should be. Freedom of the press does not mean omnipresence of the press and, I trust, never will. Big Brother, whether the government or the press, is incompatible with individual freedom. And the press' very important watchdog role has never been thought to justify its presence at all moments of decision. Thousands of meetings and conferences take place each day in Washington alone – Cabinet meetings, National Security Council and other White House meetings, Supreme Court justices' and other judges' conferences, executive department staff meetings and conferences, jury deliberations, congressional committee executive sessions, meetings of members of Congress with each other, constituents' or members of the executive and a host of other conferences and meetings at which decisions of greater or lesser public importance are made and at which the press has never suggested it had a First Amendment right to be present or to be informed as to what occurred. The Washington pattern is, of course, repeated in every state capital, city and village. Add to these a large number of corporate meetings at which decisions affecting the public interest are made without press presence.

To the extent that they may persuade a participant to disclose what took place at these meetings, the communications media are and should be almost completely free to publish what they learn. The real issue in any consideration of the concept of a free press, particularly in the free press-fair trial dialogue, is where shall the line be drawn on the disclosure of information. Shall law enforcement officials, in the interests of a better system of justice, limit their disclosures of potentially prejudicial information, or shall they, as in the past, operate largely in a fish bowl, frequently to the detriment of law enforcement as well as justice?

The authors recognize that, "with distinguished exceptions, crime reporting in the American press compares lamentably in thoroughness, sensitivity, and responsibility with its increasingly expert coverage of other subjects. Quite apart from any considerations of prejudicing fair trial, its coverage of crime is coarse." This is undoubtedly a factor in the attitude of bench and bar. If the press were doing an effective job of presenting the processes of justice and law enforcement, there would be more willingness to incur inconvenience in minimizing press prejudice and much of it would be reduced or eliminated. Lawyers and judges are at least as much interested as the press or any other group in having the public understand our system of justice, how it works, where it malfunctions or fails and what can be done to improve it.

I have yet to meet a judge – and I have made it a point to ask hundreds of them – who has found regular reporting of the proceedings in his courtroom to be reasonably accurate, much less perceptive. There are exceptional reporters who understand our legal system and report competently on it, but they are few.

Time and again I have asked newspapermen, singly or in groups, "Do you believe that if a person who committed a crime walks out of a courtroom a free man, our system of justice malfunctioned?" Or, "Do you think that a judge who refuses to permit the prosecutor to introduce in evidence stolen objects found in the defendant's residence is wrong?" A distressingly large majority of the responses is an unqualified "yes." Yet, if there is a single keystone to our legal system, it is that preservation of the integrity of the procedures is the best guarantee of justice and the best protection against harassment and conviction of the innocent. A "guilty" man may walk out of a courtroom because a judge or jury has determined rightly that the prosecution did not establish his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt or because his confession was properly suppressed as improperly obtained or because the stolen objects found in his home were invalidly seized. If he does, the processes of justice have not malfunctioned, but have performed exactly as intended.

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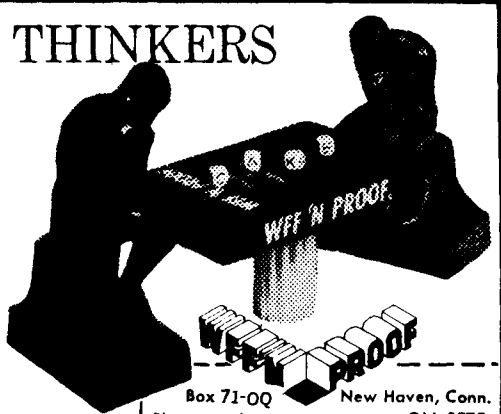

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trial in which the integrity of the procedures is preserved. For we learned long ago that, in order to minimize conviction of the innocent and maximize the freedom and security of the individual in his person and property, we would have to set standards of proof and limitations on police conduct which would allow some guilty persons to escape punishment. When the rack was outlawed in 1628, it necessarily meant that some miscreants would go free. It also meant that fewer innocent persons would confess and be convicted. When the founding fathers prohibited unlawful searches and seizures, they knew that some evidence of guilt would remain concealed and some crimes go unsolved. They also knew that all citizens would be better protected against intrusion into their homes and search of their persons.

Unhappily, this fundamental is not understood by the press (who treat every failure to convict an apparently guilty defendant as news) as a breakdown of our system of justice. Sometimes, of course, it is, and it is important that the public be made aware of these occasions, but more often it is not and competent reporting and reporters should make the distinction.

Another press aberration, its obsession with what it considers "news," has a distorting effect on its reporting of trials. A recent Chicago case is a good illustration. A number of defendants were charged with conspiracy to steal merchandise from interstate shipments or to possess such merchandise knowing it to have been stolen. The most notorious of the defendants was a reputed local hoodlum, Willie "Potatoes" Daddano. Before and during the trial, the local papers carried innumerable stories about the case and "Potatoes" was the featured personality in virtually every report. His past record, alleged underworld contacts, appearance and conduct in court, etc., were described again and again. The judge sequestered the jury, which cost the taxpayers more than $5,000 and caused the members of the jury considerable inconvenience, although it did protect them from the newspaper, radio and TV reports of the trial with their emphasis on Daddano.

In the course of the government's case, a substantial number of witnesses were called, only one of whom referred to Daddano and then only briefly. The jury quite correctly returned verdicts of guilty as to all of the defendants except Daddano. The trial judge and his colleagues have since had to explain to innumerable questioners that the jury was not "fixed," its verdicts were correct, and the impression the public received from the press that Daddano was the principle defendant was false.

So long as this kind of reporting is the rule rather than the exception, it is going to be difficult to persuade fair-minded people, not only judges and lawyers, that the press is performing a useful function in its crime reporting and therefore deserves more information and cooperation, particularly when law enforcement and justice may be prejudiced in the process.

To get back to *Crime and Publicity*, the authors first spend a good bit of time and space attempting to place the problem in perspective. They point out that the press only interests itself in less than two percent of all criminal cases and more than 75 percent of all criminal cases are disposed of without a trial. Further, they emphasize the various procedures available to courts to minimize any possible prejudice from pretrial or trial publicity. They speculate on the probable impact, if any, of prejudicial publicity on jurors and describe some of the more extreme cases of press coverage of sensational cases, including the *Sheppard* case, the *Rexinger* case in San Francisco, the *Accardo* case in Chicago, the *Gosser* case in Toledo, the *Van Rie* case in Boston, and others. They point out that in some the defendant was apparently prejudiced while in others, it is arguable at least, that the prosecution suffered.

After surveying the scene, they conclude that there really is a problem, perhaps not as great as some press critics believe, but sufficiently serious to warrant action to correct it. This conclusion, it may be noted in passing, is reached without consideration of all the aspects of potential press prejudice. For example, no reference at all is made to the increasing number of cases in which key witnesses for the prosecution have been threatened or even become unavailable after publication of their identity. We hear much of the apathy and unwillingness of the average citizen to assist law enforcement officers in solving crimes and prosecuting criminals. One of the reasons is fear of the consequences. While press disclosure of their identity is not the sole source of harrassment, it is one of them. Crank calls, real threats, actual intimidation and worse have resulted from such disclosures. And what useful purpose is served in publicizing the name and address of the witness who saw the car and reported the license number to the police, or the witness who came upon the scene just as the crime was being committed and has identified the perpetrators. In the future, hopefully, this will be one of the items of information which police and prosecutors will no longer divulge to the press before the defendant comes to trial.

Having concluded that there really is a problem, Friendly and Goldfarb proceed to examine possible solutions. They reject the English system and its broad use of the contempt power by the courts noting, however, that the Supreme Court has not yet ruled out a contempt judgment against a communications medium found deliberately and systematically to have attempted to poison the minds of the community and prospective or actual jurors. The use of the contempt power against lawyers or law enforcement officials who violate court rules or regulations prohibiting particular conduct or disclosures is also conceded to be possible.

Next, they turn to voluntary restraint by the press through codes of ethics or standards and, as H. L. Mencken and *The Chicago Tribune* both concluded in the 1920's, decide such codes are unenforceable and therefore useless though commendable. Mencken and the *Tribune*, as might be expected, were more colorful. The former said:

> "Journalistic codes of ethics are all moonshine. Essentially, they are as absurd as would be Codes of street car conductors, barbers or public job holders. If American journalism is to be purged of its swinishness and brought up to a decent level of

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repute – and God knows that such an improvement is needed – it must be accomplished by the devices of morals, not by those of honor. That is to say, it must be accomplished by external forces and through the medium of penalties externally inflicted."

The *Tribune*, though it has since changed its mind, in 1924 was even more specific. Referring to pretrial criminal publicity it said editorially:

"The *Tribune* advocates and will accept drastic restriction of this preliminary publicity. The penetration of the police system and the courts by journalism must stop. With such a law there would be no motivation for it. Though such a law will be revolutionary in American journalism, though it is not financially advisable for newspapers, it still is necessary. Restrictions must come."

It now appears, and the authors commend this as at least a desirable first step, that restrictions are coming, not on the press' freedom to print but on its opportunity to discover. The report of the special committee of the American Bar Association, headed by Justice Paul Reardon of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, the limitations already adopted by the Attorney General of the United States and many other state and local prosecutors, regulations adopted by an increasing number of state and local police departments, are all steps in this direction. Moreover, in a number of recent trials, the judges have laid down ground rules as well as invoking some of the protective procedures available to them. As Justice Reardon pointed out in the August 6 telecast of ABC's Issues and Events from Honolulu, where the 1967 American Bar Association meeting was taking place, the press discovered that such limitations not only did not inhibit their coverage of the trials but actually improved it by making it more orderly. This was true, for example, both in the second *Sheppard* trial in Ohio and the recent *Speck* trial in Illinois.

It will be an interesting though not surprising irony if the adoption of regulations and procedures limiting

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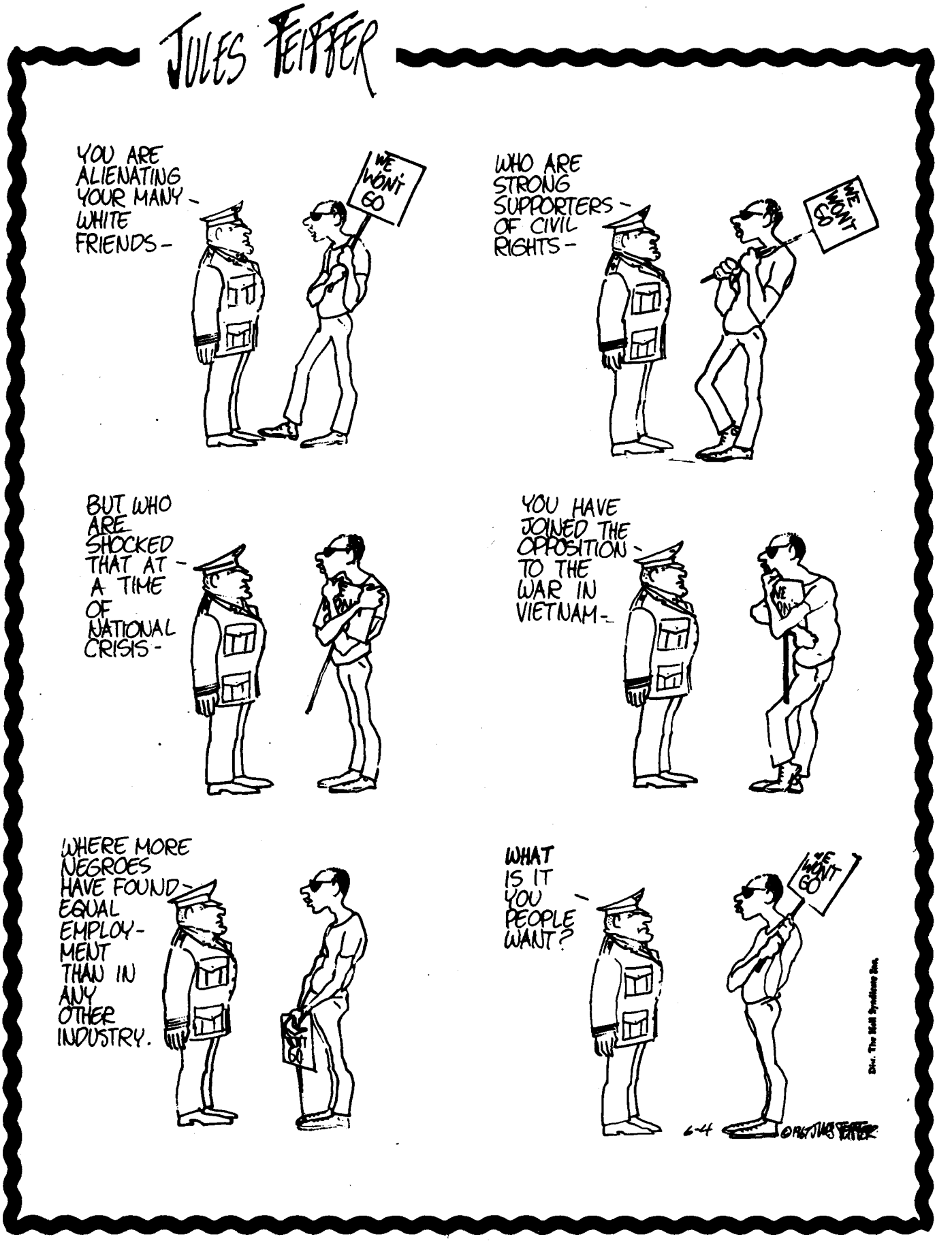
YOU ARE ALIENATING YOUR MANY - WHITE FRIENDS -
WE WON'T GO
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WHAT IS IT YOU PEOPLE WANT?
WE WON'T GO
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disclosures to the press results in a notable upgrading of crime reporting. Many conscientious editors and reporters have long recognized that the intense, no-holds-barred competition without any enforceable minimum standards, which is typical of much of big-city journalism, forces them either to disclosures which violate decency and good taste or face the danger of being scooped, a fate to be avoided at almost all costs.

Maurice Fischer, one of the finest editors in Chicago newspaper history, faced this dilemma several years ago in the middle of the famous Summerdale cops-turned-robbers trial. The case was front page news for months before the trial and, of course, during it. One afternoon his ace crime reporter rushed in to report a scoop; he had learned that some months before the trial, several of the defendants with their counsel had visited the State's Attorney and offered to plead guilty in exchange for a recommendation to the court that they be placed on probation rather than incarcerated. The offer had been declined and together with the other ex-policemen, they were standing trial.

Fischer knew that the jurors were not being sequestered but were returning to their homes each evening, and that such sensational information would be likely to come to their attention in one way or another. He asked the reporter if anyone else had the story and was assured that no one else did. After giving the matter considerable thought, he decided that responsible journalism called for suppression of the information and killed the story.

The next morning one of the two metropolitan morning papers, a tabloid, announced in eight inch front page headlines:

BARE SUMMERDALE DEFENDANTS
OFFERS TO PLEAD GUILTY

The story was the same though less complete than the one Fischer had killed. That afternoon, his paper carried the original story under its main headline with a bold-faced introductory paragraph explaining that they had not been scooped but had withheld publishing the story so as not to risk prejudicing the trial, that they still believed it was unfortunate the information should be disclosed in the middle of the trial, but that since another newspaper had revealed much of the potentially prejudicial information, they were now going to publish the whole story.

How, it may be asked, will limiting disclosures by judges, lawyers and law enforcement officials obviate such dilemmas? On inquiry, Fischer learned that his ace crime reporter had obtained the information from an assistant State's Attorney who should have known better and who, under the Reardon and similar procedures, would be very severely disciplined. In the future, conscientious editors like Maurice Fischer may be spared such dilemmas and be better able to operate at the level of integrity and decency they would prefer.

No review of the Friendly and Goldfarb treatise would be accurate or complete which failed to point out that, despite their apparent effort to be objective, the authors display an overall pro-press bias which leads to some inaccurate and unfortunate generalizations and, on occasion, to some invalid analysis and conclusions. Before this opinion is dismissed as the product of an anti-press bias on my part, let me illustrate:

They assert that since the bench and bar are willing to accept retrials as the solution where errors have occurred in the initial trial, the press may be forgiven if it entertains a notion that it is being unfairly dealt with if it is asked to change its practices to reduce its prejudicial impact on trials. Mr. Goldfarb, at least, must know that the analogy is inapt. The court can assure that errors made in a first trial before one jury are avoided in a second trial before a different jury and the latter will normally be unaware that it is even involved in a retrial. Where the reversal and retrial is the result of prejudicial press publicity, the second trial is not free from the impact of the publicity which prejudiced the first. The most that can be hoped is that the passage of time will have diluted its strength. Nothing the judge can do can completely eradicate it. Nor can he do anything to prevent its recurrence before or during the second trial. Indeed, there have been a number of cases (the authors refer to one in Raleigh, North Carolina) where the press repeated its conduct so that a third trial became necessary. Only a press apologist would argue that acceptance of retrials to correct trial errors in fairness requires acceptance of retrials caused by prejudicial press disclosures.

Another example. The authors devote one chapter, in which they analyze 15 different cases, to the contention that postponement of publication of prejudicial information, much of which may never be admitted into evidence before a jury, will not "disarm the menace" of such publicity to a fair trial. In this chapter, entitled "The Cure That Fails," they conclude that in almost all of the cases examined "it is manifest that the suggested devices for postponing publication of potentially prejudicial material would not have accomplished their purpose." If that purpose be defined as the complete elimination of potentially prejudicial information from the jury's knowledge, the conclusion is, of course, correct. But prejudice, like almost everything else in the law and life, is

distinctive

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relative. No responsible proponent of postponement of public disclosure of potentially prejudicial information has suggested either that all such information should be withheld or that postponement will fully insulate the jury from it. Conversely, no objective person can seriously deny that its postponement will reduce its impact even in situations where it may not fully prevent its presence. While it will not be a complete cure, it certainly will reduce the malady, an important point which the authors completely ignore.

The subject of postponement apparently brings out the worst in them. On the subject of postponement of disclosure that a suspect has allegedly confessed, they assert that "if the press consistently avoids mention of indications that the defendant has made a confession while in the hands of the police, what is to prevent police coercion from continuing forever?" That statement is pure sophistry.

The conclusion that early publication of confessions deters police from coercing them from suspects is nonsense. In the highly publicized case, all the pressure on the police, generated largely by the press, is to find a suspect and solve the crime. There is no better way to take the heat off than by announcing that some identified person has confessed committing the crime. So long as early publication of confessions continues, all the incentives will be to get them – coerced or voluntary.

Nor has the press exhibited any great concern over how confessions are obtained. While there undoubtedly have been some, I have never seen or heard press, radio or TV criticism of police for the manner in which a confession was secured. I have, however, both seen and heard criticism of judges who, after appropriate hearing, determined that a widely publicized confession or physical evidence had been illegally obtained and accordingly suppressed it.

One further reason why the suggestion that early publication of alleged confessions will reduce police coercion is nonsense. From the prosecution's point of view, the public disclosure that a defendant has confessed is desirable even if the confession is never introduced in evidence at the trial, for one or more members of the jury may recall it. Since the jury is customarily not advised that a confession has been suppressed or the reasons therefore, jurors may erroneously be influenced by their prior knowledge of its existence.

What deters police from coercing defendants into confessing, apart from the inherent decency of most of them, is that a coerced confession will not be permitted in evidence and their conduct in securing it may subject them to damage suits under the Civil Rights Acts. Postponement of disclosure and publication of alleged confessions by identified suspects will remove most of the remaining incentives to coercion of defendants and not the contrary, as the authors suggest.

There are many other examples but these should suffice to make the point that despite the authors' pretensions to objectivity, the book evidences a pro-press bias. This, however, does not derogate its value to any reader interested in the subject. Every American by the time he reaches maturity has a well-developed press bias compensator. It will vary from publication to pubcation. If he will simply set his at "light," about the same setting he uses for *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post*, and then proceed to read *Crime and Publicity*, he will get an excellent picture of the problem and the possible solutions.

LETTER FROM MEXICO

Past and Present

In love with its Aztec past but coveting the benefits of a US style industrial revolution, Mexico City is culturally dull. There are hardly any jazz clubs, coffee houses, discotheques, book stores, and public libraries which could be used as gathering places for those not interested in watching the multitudinous soap operas flooding TV, or the horde of local movies featuring cowboys and Weltschmerz.

Painting is perhaps an exception. There is the historical background from pre-Columbian arts and crafts to the muralistic tradition of Orozco, Rivera, and Siqueiros, which today is expressed by the "in" New Humanism School with Jose Luis Cuevas in its vanguard. The art is often brilliant and the artists growing in numbers and ability. But their acceptance here is based on something that could be called, "Foreigners like it, so we [the rising *nouveau riche* class] should also." With rare exceptions, the artists, and this follows through in other fields, must find fame abroad and then come back triumphant to Mexico.

There is nothing that could be called a "school" or major movement in literature. Nearly all the great living writers of Mexico have taken government or teaching positions because of a minuscule domestic reading public and Latin America's provincial book export regulations.

The young writers, who haven't become famous enough to be offered an ambassadorship, a high government position, or a teaching job, are mostly published in small quarterlies, which are not influential. Communication between writer "mafias" is almost nonexistent. Having no real home base from which to set out, young Mexican writers (and many intellectuals, for that matter) have a tendency to plug into or rebel against forms outside their country, outside their experience, producing a ludicrous mishmash of styles and philosophies. Many of them, for example, will write reams of copy on Vietnam, while ignoring the horrendous living conditions of their own city's poor. Juan Jose Arreola, Juan Rulfo, Tomas Mojarro, Emma Dolujanoff, and a few others have developed their own particular styles. None of them, however, makes a living from writing; all have other jobs.

As in most deserts, there are oases. In the case of literature, it is the *Centro Mexicano de Escritores*, which offers a handful of deserving writers and poets a moderate monthly stipend and criticism (or praise) of their works at in-

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formal weekly sessions. Both Arreola and Rulfo teach there, while Mojarro, Dolujanoff, and many other budding talents, have had fellowships in the past. The *Centro*, run by American novelist Margaret Shedd, can only help twelve to fifteen writers a year.

Strict adherence to non-form is found in the music world. With the exception of triumphant nationalistic themes and the odd workings of Julian Carrillo's "Sound 13," almost all classical pieces performed locally are by foreign composers. Even Sound 13, the unique invention of a sixteen-tone scale, which should have been fostered by Mexico, was encouraged by such foreign conductors as Leopold Stokowski. Only lately has Carrillo's music been played with any frequency here – and that, because he's dead.

The Puebla Music Festival, an annual event started last year, brings some of the best musicians and dancers of the world (among them, the Prague Quartet, Chamber Orchestra of Paris, Bolshoi Ballet soloists, and four top US jazz groups) to Mexico. Local representation is largely overlooked. George Wein, who headed the jazz groups, complains that he "was not allowed to invite Mexican musicians to sit in." Despite this ban, two talented Mexicans did manage to play with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, not in Puebla, but in the companion concerts here in the capital. The official representative of Mexico at the festival was the Folkloric Ballet, a spectacular sophistication of folk music and dance which holds forth the year-round at the Palace of Fine Arts here.

The local popular music world looks something like a lake of mud. The radio is jammed with hokey copies of US and European rock and roll songs and a deluge of local super-maudlin ballads telling of lost love.

It is in cinema, however, where Mexico puts its worst foot forward. In contrast to the works of Luis Buñuel (*Viridiana, Saint Simon of the Desert, The Forgotten Ones*), who came here from Spain, a few one-shot non-commercial efforts by local studio directors, and the country's first two underground movies, *The Secret Formula* by Ruben Gamez and Juan Lopez Moctezuma's *Blues For Sylvia*, there are a whole squadron of the worst blobs of celluloid ever to get stuck on a movie screen. Movie after movie features "El Santo" (The Saint, a wrestler who wears a satin mask, cape, leotard, and plenty of torso grease) fighting everything from gangsters to vampire bats. After El Santo comes something called "Alma Grande" (Big Soul), a comic book hero best described as a cross between Batman and Trigger. These two more or less set the stage for the rest of the cowboy, gangster, cabaret girl, and romantic melodrama films which are all soap operas in scant disguise.

The saddest aspect of the local cinema scene, is that the few bright lights are dimming. Hollywood's affluence is being brought here in the form of co-productions, which, while breathing some life into the Mexican film industry, is making Mexican directors think in more commercial terms, thus making it even more difficult for a Mexican new wave cinema to arise. The directors union, for example, will let anyone in – if he has a contract for a film with a million-peso budget.

Buñuel now works mostly in Europe and talks of retiring. The success of Ruben Gamez, who won the 1965 Experimental Film contest with *The Secret Formula*, has done little for him. *The Secret Formula*, the most original cinema work to be made here in years, blasted everything from the Catholic Church to US capitalism, from the Mexican he-man to monolithic military structures. It was not permitted to leave the country, nor to take part in the 1965 Acapulco Film Festival (it was shown *outside* the festival). "Somebody up there" obviously felt that Gamez's film wouldn't improve Mexico's image abroad. It is this kind of provincialism that is making Mexico City the contemporary cultural desert it is. Gamez makes his living by filming TV commercials.

Juan Lopez Moctezuma, well known in many artistic fields here, is the man who may be able to break through what he calls "the century plant curtain." Besides talent, he has the Organization for International Cultural Promotion (OPIC), which is sponsored by Mexico's Foreign Ministry, behind him. This helps. Even so, he expects difficulties before he can exhibit his underground jazz movie, *Blues For Sylvia* (which has some nude scenes in it) or a dozen US underground movies he imported here for showing at the OPIC-run Casa de la Paz (House of Peace) theatres. Although guaranteed the use of the two OPIC theatres, Lopez Moctezuma still has to get past government censorship.

An old hand at 36, Lopez Moctezuma

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has always been a pioneer. Recently, he had a television show with live happenings. There was a flood of protest and his program was dropped. Lopez Moctezuma and avant-garde stage director Alexandro Jodorowsky, who staged the happenings, were accused of being "drugged" during the show.

Thereupon, television returned to its usual tasteless self: hordes of stilted US programs dubbed into Spanish – you haven't really laughed until you have heard Bonanza's Hoss say "Howdy, Pardner" in Spanish – and locally produced soap operas and musical variety shows, which proffer tears and mariachi tunes by the hour, a commercial between every weepy interlude. There are about ten antique US films with Spanish subtitles a week, and there is a variety program, "Sunday Spectacular," which has some satire routines. Color television arrived a few months ago, but color sets went on sale only recently – the cheapest ones cost about $1,000. The lone educational/cultural channel, run by the National Polytechnic Institute, has some tolerable programs but its power is so low that only people living near the station get a good image on their screens. New equipment is supposed to solve this problem, someday.

So little is happening on stage that one wonders why there are any theatres. There is nothing comparable to Broadway, though, surprisingly enough, there is something similiar to off-Broadway. Other than that, there is an army of moronic "sexy" comedies, which discuss the wiles of women, why you shouldn't sleep with your mother, or try to see how many *serious* dirty jokes can be worked into a tediously pornographic dialogue. The OPIC and Institutes of Fine Arts (INBA) theatres are the only ones, with rare exceptions, that stage first-class productions. INBA has just sponsored a spring festival of works of young Mexican playwrights, and often backs Juan Jose Gurrola, who is an imaginative director. Unfortunately, most of INBA's budget goes for the Folkloric Ballet and for paying foreign artists who perform at the Palace of Fine Arts. OPIC, on the other hand, has Alexandro Jodorowsky, who is doing the most to put Mexico City in touch with what is happening off-Broadway. His staging of *Diary of a Madman* as a monologue with one of Mexico's top actors, Carlos Ancira, playing the famous Gogol character, has won Mexican theatre international ovations. Ancira has toured Russia twice with the play, and, although performing it in Spanish, received raves from Soviet critics. Here, however, the play was only a moderate success. Ironically, Ancira makes his living dubbing US video imports and acting in local TV soap operas. The two OPIC houses, with their one-night-a-week policy for each production, are open seven days a week and host a wide spectrum of performing arts. Both theatres, however, are incredibly small and sometimes are less than half-full. Jodorowsky, who was born in Chile and studied theater in Paris, says he is "creating his public" with his productions. He has had some success so far – a few hundred cognoscenti.

Talented Mexicans see that materialism is all that counts. The government appears to have an inkling of what is happening, and supports some theatres and artists. But its efforts are considerably neutralized by the censorship bureau, which closed down Jodorowsky's first two plays here at a considerable loss, has cut many art films and makes it difficult for avant-garde plays to be staged, while closing its eyes to all the soft-core pornography in the commercial productions. The government considers full-scale industrialization, enough jobs for the mushrooming labor force, and preparations for next year's Olympics to be held here the things to be tended to first. The Acapulco Film Festival was a success last year, but only a handful of the more than two dozen entries have had commercial runs locally.

Every year thousands of doctors, lawyers, and engineers graduate from the national universities, but there were barely twenty-four applicants for the National University's Cinema School last year. In Mexico, the fastest way to make money is to be a lawyer, doctor, or engineer, while the quickest way to become poor is to be dedicated to making intelligent films, painting artistically (not always), composing music that isn't nationalistic or sentimental, or acting on stage in avant-garde dramas.

No sane person wants Mexico to forget its Indian heritage, or to stop looking to the future in the hope of preparing a higher standard of living for its citizens, but "right now" is being overlooked, especially in the arts. The past and future, of course, are more pleasant to consider than the present.

JED LINDE

Correspondence

Ghetto Education

Sirs:

Nowhere in his article ("No More Nonsense about Ghetto Education," July 22) does Joseph Alsop consider the problem of motivating Negro youngsters to achieve in school. . . .

Many Negro youngsters apparently feel that they cannot subject their environment to their control and thus education is only incidental to their success in later life. The result – a low achievement level in the classroom.

The objective basis in fact for these attitudes on the part of Negro youngsters is substantial. According to research which I have done, the average earnings in 1960 of urban male Negroes in the North, ages 25-34 with 8 years or less of schooling, were 83 percent of the earnings of whites in the same age and education classes. For Negroes and whites who had 16+ years of education, the same ratio falls to 69 percent. In other words, discrimination against highly educated Negroes was more severe than against the lowly educated. This pattern was characteristic of all age groups. More strikingly, Herman Miller, probably the country's leading expert on income distribution, reports in his book, *Rich Man, Poor Man*, that "in 1959, the average non-white with four years of college could expect to earn less over a lifetime than the white who did not go beyond the eighth grade."

Undoubtedly, some part of the income differences between whites and Negroes can be explained by the inferior quality of education afforded many Negroes. In my view, discrimination against Negroes accounts for a much larger portion of the income differences.

In the light of this evidence and much more that could be cited, it will be very

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difficult to convince Negro students that they really have an equal opportunity in our society and that they should achieve in school in order to take full advantage of this opportunity. . . .

Joseph D. Mooney
Princeton University

Joseph Alsop is certainly right that desegregation is not just around the corner, and that it would not bring a dramatic improvement in poor Negroes' academic attainment even if it were. But the program of compensatory education for ghetto schools which he advocates is hardly more likely to be attempted and even less likely to bring poor Negroes' academic achievement up to the level of middle-class whites.

Alsop himself describes how the New York Board of Education, having boldly proclaimed programs of compensatory education, has repeatedly cut their heart out a year or two later. The reason is simple. The New York Board is more responsive to middle-class than lower-class interests. It is anxious to keep taxes down. It is also anxious to provide first-rate education in white, middle-class neighborhoods. Indeed, it is far more anxious to do this than to do the same in the ghetto, for the middle-class whites raise a much louder and more effective fuss when they do not get what they want. And what they want, we must remember, is not just a school which gets their children up to grade level, but a school which pushes their children well ahead of grade level and into Harvard or at least CCNY. The white middle classes, in other words, want their children to get "the best," and this obviously means somebody else has to get "the worst." It is obvious who that somebody will be so long as schools are segregated by race or class. And if this is true in New York, which is a quite liberal city where the poor have more political influence than in most cities, it is doubly true in Cleveland or Baltimore or Dallas.

How, then, might the political muscle be developed to prevent programs like Higher Horizons and More Effective Schools from being financially starved? History suggests that public agitation for racial integration is a very useful level for moving both the public and the educational establishment in this direction. The demand for integration will not, it is true, be met. But having failed to meet it, both middle-class parents and professional educators will, if the past decade is any guide, often accept expenditures on compensatory education as an alternative. When Negroes have settled for compensatory education in advance, on the other hand, without even raising the specter of invading white bastions of privilege, they have encouraged a "business as usual" atmosphere in which very little money was made available for their schools.

Even if money is available for large-scale compensatory education, what results can we expect? For Alsop, the effort to bring lower-class children up to grade-level is of "ABC simplicity." Yet the Elementary-Secondary Education Act of 1965, which Alsop hails as the greatest innovation since sliced bread, has poured more than $2 billion into such programs over the past two years without achieving many conspicuous successes. Alsop reports that the students enrolled in New York's More Effective Schools are reading at grade level or above, and I assume this is true. But for every More Effective School there are a dozen Less Effective Schools in other cities, which are also spending 50 percent more than a few years back but have not had a significant impact on student achievement. This does not mean success is impossible, but it does suggest that it is neither simple nor automatic.

Alsop's specific proposals illustrate the difficulties involved. They all make sense *a priori*, but they have also all been tried in many cities with equivocal results. Early childhood education, for example, seems logically necessary and proper, but if one compares otherwise similar students, some of whom attended kindergarten and some of whom did not, or some of whom attended Headstart and some of whom did not, it appears that the impact of early schooling is both temporary and limited.

Similarly, all teachers agree that small classes are essential for good teaching. But there have been thousands of experiments with classes of various sizes over the years, and while some show that small classes work better than large ones, others show no difference, and some even show that large classes work better than small. There is also enormous variation in class size from one school system to another. Yet when other factors are taken into account there seems to be very little relationship between class size and pupil achievement.

Such experience suggests that the conventional formulas for improving ghetto schools through logistical and curricular changes should be treated with considerable skepticism. This was the message of the Coleman Report, and despite the Report's many flaws it is a message which has stood up fairly well under critical scrutiny. Alsop's complaint that the Report ignores expenditure variations within big cities is a red herring. The authors of the Report knew they had inadequate data on school by school expenditures. They therefore concentrated on the effect of the things for which expenditures are supposed to go: buildings, textbooks, better qualified teachers, and so forth. They looked at these things on a school by school basis and found they had little or no relationship to pupil

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achievement in that school. The implication was clearly that additional expenditures for these traditional desiderata would have little effect.

What is needed, I suspect, is a radical change in the psychological and sociological assumptions governing the classroom. Joseph Featherstone has described one possible approach to this. Without such a change the kinds of reform Alsop urges are likely to have very little effect on Negro students' achievement.

Christopher Jencks
Washington, D.C.

In reply:

With much that Christopher Jencks says, I find myself in regretful agreement. In particular, I favor any kind of agitation that will get something done about the ghetto schools. There are, however, three points that need to be made.

At this juncture, in the first place, the major pressure should clearly be for radical school improvement, rather than for further, generally vain attempts at school desegregation. In the schools, in truth, you have the same situation that Drs. Piven and Cloward so ably described in their study in *The New Republic* of lower-income housing. School improvement, like ghetto housing improvement, is actually being impeded because the immediately practical aim is invariably sacrificed to the long-range but presently unattainable aim. And real school desegregation, alas, is at present unattainable, except on a hopelessly tiny scale, because the white parents always have the option of moving away, to the suburbs or elsewhere.

In the second place, Mr. Jencks is quite right that most attempts at school improvement to date have been flat busts. This is because they have been half-hearted and inadequately financed. You cannot solve the ghetto school problem at a cost of a few cents a day per pupil, as they have tried to do in too many American cities. Radical improvement, such as that attempted in the More Effective Schools in New York, is the only device that promises serious results.

Third, I think Mr. Jencks shows a certain lack of fairness, or perhaps it would be better to say, a lack of comprehension, in his remarks about the New York Board of Education. If the MES program had received effective support, let us say from *The New York Times* and *The Post*, I feel very confident that the Board would have responded by continuing to back MES. It has received almost no public support, however, and this, I feel sure, has resulted from the liberal educators' tendency to disdain the immediately practical aim of school improvement, and to place their whole emphasis on school desegregation. God knows, I should like to see the schools totally desegregated tomorrow morning. But if harsh experience teaches that this is now wholly beyond reach, let us all agree to reach for what can be obtained – namely, radical improvement of the ghetto schools.

Joseph Alsop

Drug on the Market

Sirs:

Although "Drug on the Market" (July 22) begins with the "aspirin-is-aspirin" contention, the author makes his way by his fifth paragraph to recognition that there can be important variations between medicines containing the same active ingredient. These variations often produce important differences in medical results. Variations cannot be avoided when drug products are prescribed without identifying the manufacturer, because the generic name identifies only the active ingredient in the medicine and does not specify the finished drug product desired.

A brand name or trademark identifies a specific medicine. The physician thus knows exactly what drug preparation his patient has taken. He can assess its value and chart his future treatment of the patient accordingly. And a brand or manufacturer's name is also a device the physician can use to avoid bad products. If the physician prescribes by generic name, without specifying the source of the product desired, he has no control as to which product is provided to his patient.

Dispensing prescriptions written in generic terms would not necessarily result in lower prices to the consumer, but it could and probably would bring about deterioration in the quality of medical care – through the wide sale

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of substandard products – by discouraging the struggle for excellence which has marked the astounding progress in the pharmaceutical field – and by impeding drug research on which future progress depends.

I note that a great portion of your article is devoted to testimony presented by William Haddad during recent Senate hearings. It is indeed regrettable that the author chose to rely so heavily on the "surveys" reported by Mr. Haddad. He has unwittingly misled your readers in a fashion similar to the way in which Mr. Haddad misled the Senate Committee. Had your writer simply checked with the sources cited by Mr. Haddad, he would have found the "survey" prices incorrect, and would not have characterized the officials of Atlanta as "stupid, in bed with the pharmaceutical companies, or bamboozled by drug company propaganda."

C. Joseph Stetler
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association
Washington, D.C.

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Kauffmann, *from page 24*

only emphasize its inertness as an imaginative experience.

In characterization the book is trite or wooden. Only the minor characters, like the workman's widow and Hester's aunt, have credibility – the easy credibility of stereotypes. The characterizations of Diddy and Hester, on which much time is spent, are never vitalized. Often their dialogue has echoes of Nichols and May:

> " 'We were talking about you, Hester. What about *your* destructive needs?' . . . 'My destructive needs? . . . Believe me, Dalton, I don't want to evade your question. It's just that it's hard to answer, since I'm not sure I've even begun to express those needs'."

We arrive at a peculiar paradox. Poetic ambiguity is beyond this novel's competence. Its prose as such numbs a purely sensory response. Its characterization is uncompelling. Yet, admittedly, one keeps reading the book – in a kind of suspense. And what is the essense of that suspense? For one reader, at least, it is the very matter that Miss Sontag, as a critic, most strongly deplores: one expects the novel to *mean* something. All the while that her sensory evocations falter, that her drama limps, that her half-world is revealing its mechanical rivets and girders, she is also building a system of symbols, and it is the hope of some revelation through those symbols that keeps one reading.

In her essay "Against Interpretation" Miss Sontag says:

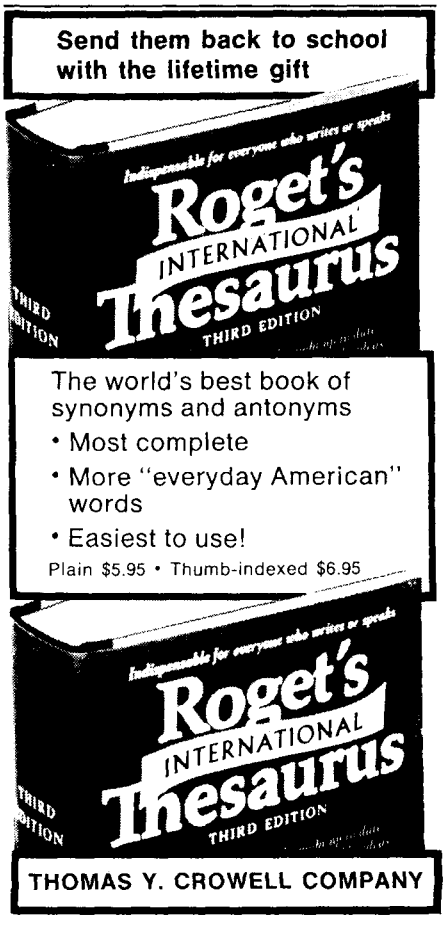
> "Directed to art, interpretation means plucking a set of elements (the X, the Y, the Z, and so forth) from the whole work. The task of interpretation is virtually one of translation. The interpreter says, Look, don't you see that X is really – or, really means – A? That Y is really B? That Z is really C?"

But what if, as seems to me the case with *Death Kit*, the work consists of little more than "a set of elements"? What if the flesh of the work is so scrappy that one clearly sees the bones X, Y, Z? And further, what if those bones are virtually labeled "X = A"; "Y = B"; "Z = C"? (At one point near the end, as if to help us more than himself, Diddy actually thinks in equations: "Death = an encyclopedia of life . . . Life = the world. Death = being completely inside one's own head.") I have indicated why I think the flesh is scrappy. Here are some reasons why I think that what we are principally asked to do in this book is to solve its equations:

> The tunnel; the obstructions in the tunnel; the two murders of, figuratively, the same victim in the tunnel. (These are such facile Freudian symbols that they almost seem spoofs of facile literary Freudianism, but to believe that they are spoofs is to believe that the whole book is a put-on.)

Diddy's train is called the Privateer. This combines the sound of "privates" (it stalls in the tunnel!) and the sound of "privacy" with the literal meaning of a private marauder.

Diddy works for a manufacturer



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of microscopes – instruments for seeing, for peering into tiny privacies.

Yet the girl he falls in love with cannot see at all.

Yet, in some ways, she "sees" more than he does.

The charnel house has a varied assortment of corpses from different periods of history.

The list could be extended. Fundamentally the book consists of the list distended.

It is a list of rib-nudging clues. To look for meaning in such modern writers as Burroughs or Beckett or Pinter is (as Sontag the critic rightly maintains) to read the wrong language. They work beyond the categories of reason, and we are misled to look for neatly extractable meanings in them simply because they use the same instruments – words – that are used to explicate meanings. Their "meaning" is their effect. But Miss Sontag's novel does not produce such an effect; instead it presents a conventional symbological system, and it is this trail that we follow.

Eventually, however, the symbology is as disappointing as the book's other elements. What, at last, does it convey? There is a generous supply of themes along the way (for instance, the perception, through suffering, of one's inadequate perception), but the main current in the book is an expedition into madness, then into relative sanity, then irrevocably back into madness – with reverse values attached to each state. The first tunnel episode is the first occasion when the "lifeless" Diddy lives close to emotional heat; the second tunnel episode is where he touches that heat again and where he achieves order and peace. In the real world he is worried and dull; in madness he is relatively extroverted and powerful. In the real world he is either unsexed or stupidly sexed (an encounter with a whore); in madness he is fully male. It is only as he is sliding back into madness, when Hester is living with him, that his sex life regains vigor; it is only when he is stripped of the world (naked) and completely mad that he enters a structured cosmos. (The charnel house. The last sentence of the book, in the charnel house, is, "Diddy has perceived the order of the world.")

Now these are intriguing themes, potentially moving if well rendered, but here they are not rendered well. For chief example, the first symbolic murder is supposed to motivate Diddy through the rest of the book, to expose his nerve-ends, and at last to drive him again to the tunnel for the second murder. But Miss Sontag takes him back to New York with Hester, puts him through a series of routinely written quarrels and reunions with Hester, makes him suspect that he is asking Hester to destroy him, drops that theme when it suits her, and then revives the haunting by the first murder – which, by that time, we have forgotten. There is no opportunity for us either to become involved with Diddy as an agent or to see, in any kind of distorting mirror, some truths about ourselves. The effect is not of an urgency for which symbols are the best medium but of a *pro forma* literary exercise.

This, at the last, is the effect of the whole book. Obeisance is made to a number of respectable literary gods – among them ambiguity and symbol – but it all remains a knowledgeable act of literary protocol. D. H. Lawrence once wrote to a poet: "I can see all the poetry at the *back* of your verse – but there isn't much inside the lines."

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